

The American Girl

Published by The Girl Scouts

15 cents a copy

\$1.50 a year



Inez Haynes Irwin • Ralph Henry Barbour • May Lamberton Becker
Jane Abbott • Anna Hempstead Branch • Alice Mary Kimball

NOVEMBER

1924



Girl Scouts Inc.

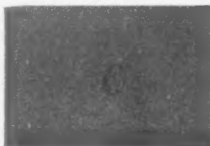
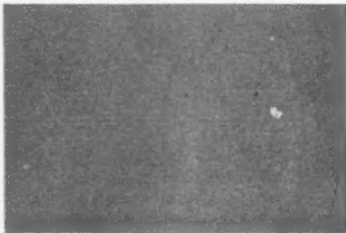
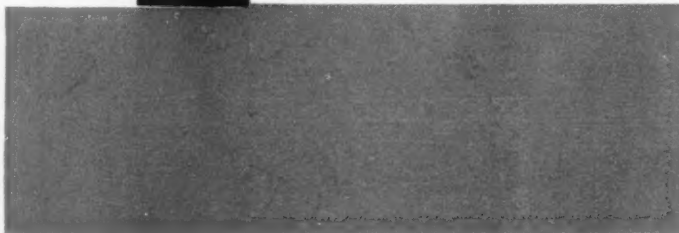
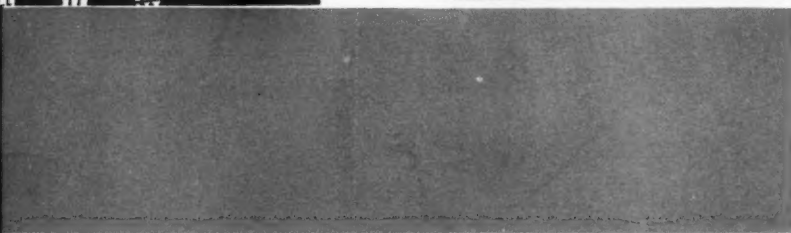
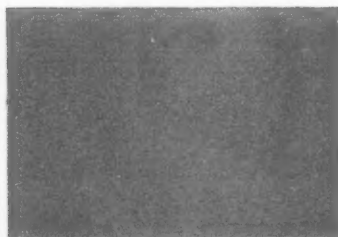
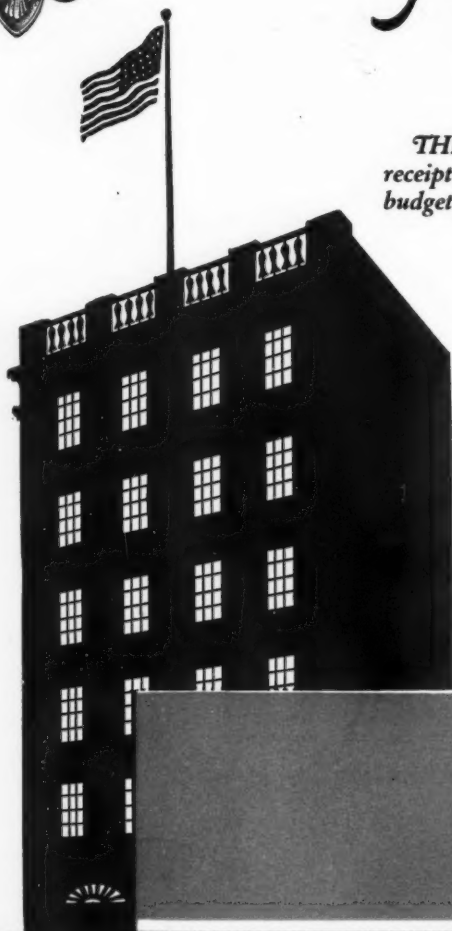
189 Lexington Ave
New York City

THE GIRL SCOUTS gratefully acknowledge the receipt of your contributions for their building and budget fund.

From A True Friend of Scouting
U. S. A.

GENEVIEVE GARVAN BRADY, Treasurer

By Jane Deeter Rippin
National Director



"Be a Brick and Buy One"

Every one who helps with our building and budget fund will
have this receipt to keep

National Headquarters Bricks \$10 apiece

THE AMERICAN GIRL

Published at 670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, *Editor*

ALICE WALLER, *Business Manager*

Vol. VII

November, 1924

No. 11

Our November Contents

Art and Poetry

- Cover Design Margaret Evans Price
Dedication Ceremony . . . Anna Hempstead Branch 4

Stories

- Tubby Ward, Substitute . . . Ralph Henry Barbour 5
Illustrations by Douglas Ryan
Laughing Last (Serial—Second Instalment) 8
Jane Abbott
A Pioneer of the Back Country . Elizabeth Huntington 14
Illustrations by Jessie Gillespie

Special Articles

- "You are Cordially Invited" . Inez Haynes Irwin 7
Illustration by Aurelie Asten
When I was a Girl Alice Mary Kimball 12
Our What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest 19

Dramatics

- Magic Gold Pieces—Part II. Margaret Mochrie 16
Design by Aurelie Asten
Blessing the House . . . Anna Hempstead Branch 11

Our Merit Badge Pages

- How to Secure Girl Scout Publicity (Journalist) 18
Grace Phelps
A Party Dress for a Princess (Dressmaker) 20
Camille Davied
Blossoming Hyacinths for Christmas (Naturalist) 24
Bertha Chapman Cady
Illustration by Fanny Warren
Make This Magic Book (Handy Woman) 23
Madge Williams
Design by Aurelie Asten

Our Party Page

- Lo! The Pied Piper is Calling You 22

Girl Scout News and Pictures

- Scribes' Corner 25
Girl Scout Community Service Pictures 26-27

Puzzles

- Puzzle Jack and his Puzzle Pack . . . George Carlson 28

Other Interesting Articles

- Have Girl Scout Window Exhibits 29
Earn-Your-Own-Club 32
Have You Read Them? . . May Lamberton Becker 36
Who's Who in THE AMERICAN GIRL 38
The Way in Scoutville 43
Stamps Wilbur F. Cannon 47
Along the Editor's Trail 50



Just Imagine!
All these are coming
in "The American Girl"

2 mystery stories
by Augusta Huiell Seaman

Boarding School Stories

Adventure Stories

A Girl Scout Serial
by Edith Ballinger Price

Merit Badge Pages—Athletic Pages

Stories by Girl Scouts—Candy Pages

Handicraft Pages

Plays and Stunts and Games

Read all about them—Page 50

Renew—Renew—Renew—Renew

Honorary President . . Mrs. CALVIN COOLIDGE
Honorary { Mrs. WARREN G. HARDING
Vice-Presidents { Mrs. T. J. PRESTON, JR.
 (Formerly Mrs. Grover Cleveland)
 Mrs. WILLIAM H. TAFT
 Mrs. WOODROW WILSON
Founder Mrs. JULIETTE LOW
Mrs. Herbert Hoover President
Mrs. Arthur O. Choate First Vice-President
Mrs. Julius Rosenwald Second Vice-President



Mrs. William Hoffman . . . Third Vice-President
Mrs. Albert E. Thornton . . Fourth Vice-President
Mrs. M. E. Olmstead . . . Fifth Vice-President
Mrs. Nicholas F. Brady . . . Treasurer
Mrs. V. Everit Macy . . . Chairman Executive Board
Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin . . . Director
Counsel. Mr. Douglas Campbell

Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., at National Headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y. Price, 15 cents the copy. Subscription, \$1.50 per year, Canadian postage 25 cents and foreign 50 cents extra. Entered as second-class matter August 11, 1922, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

Copyright, 1924. National Headquarters Girl Scouts, Inc.



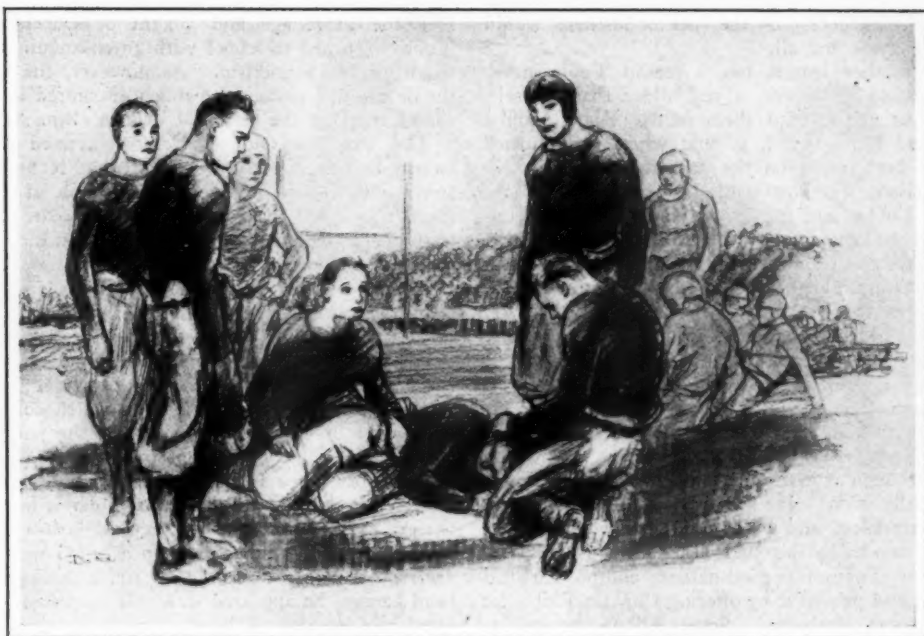
A Dedication for
The Girl Scout National Headquarters

By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

God bless this House, and at this door
Let every girl leave garlands gay,

Though some are near and some are far
Yet somehow all are here today.

From "Blessing the House", a ceremony on page eleven



Toots was done, finished, down and out, and he knew it!

Tubby Ward, Substitute

The dictionary said "Substitute—one who takes the place of another" and Tubby agreed. So did the whole school after the great game with Naughton

By RALPH HENRY BARBOUR

Illustrations by Douglas Ryan

FORMING the football team at Claflin's School was an easy matter because Claflin's had exactly twenty-five boys—never more, never less—of which nearly half were under the age of fourteen. If you were under fourteen you weren't allowed to play. This fall Captain Phil Hodge had thirteen fellows to select from; and then there was Tubby Ward.

Tubby's case was peculiar. Just now, in the latter part of September, he was thirteen. Next month, on the twenty-second, he would be fourteen. That he was at present ineligible troubled Captain Phil not a whit, for Tubby was not football material. He weighed—but never mind. Suffice it to say that he was exactly thirty-one pounds heavier than he should have been for his age and height according to the printed table that hung on the gymnasium wall. (Tubby is a bit touchy on the subject of his weight, and I think he will appreciate my delicacy if he ever reads this.) His complete name was Henry Marmaduke Ward, Jr., but at Claflin's he was Tubby to all save the teachers, and they called him Henry.

"You'll let me on just as soon as my birthday comes, won't you, Phil?" Tubby demanded anxiously that evening of the first day of the term. "You know you promised last year—"

"Gee, Tubby, you can't play football," answered Phil impatiently. "What's the idea? You're too—" The sudden narrowing of Tubby's rather prominent brown eyes warned him, however, and he substituted, "Too short."

"I'm five feet and one-half inch," protested Tubby, "and that's all Chester Green is; and Joe Maddox, too."

"I'm five-one," declared Joe indignantly. "I measured this afternoon."

"Yeah, with your sneakers on!" countered Tubby passionately.

"No, sir, flat!"

"Well, anyway, you said last year, Phil—"

"Oh, all right," answered Phil wearily. "You come around when you're fourteen, kid, and I'll see. Now shut up, will you? Let's see, you want to try for tackle, don't you, Jerry? That makes up the left side. Toots will play center again, Pink plays right guard—"

Tubby's wish to get on the team was not due to any overwhelming desire to perform heroic stunts on the gridiron. Tubby realized his athletic limitations and knew perfectly well that he could no more play two periods of a hard game than he could fly. Why, just one slow lap around the track took every bit of breath and left him flat on his back! No, he wasn't looking for football glory, unless it was reflected glory. What Tubby was after was the privilege of wearing a little blue cap with a white C, of taking part in the weighty conferences in Captain Phil's room and of referring to himself as a member of the Claflin's School football team. Besides, the younger fellows would rag him unmercifully if, having attained the eligible age, he was not on the team. Tubby was a nice kid, and everyone liked him, but that didn't keep them from ragging him when the opportunity

presented itself, and Tubby knew that to be fourteen and not wear the little blue cap on the back of his head would leave him fair game for all.

There was another reason, too, a reason Tubby never breathed. He had one sister, a year older than himself. There were just the two of them in the Ward family, besides Mr. and Mrs. Ward, so that when Julie turned out to be the best player on the basketball team in her school, comparisons were inevitable.

Of course, Tubby said it was nothing to *him*, and all that. But just the same it was. Hence the football dream. If he could make the team, the family would all turn out for the game against Naughton. And he'd like to see Julie take on airs, after that!

Tubby felt well contented after Phil Hodge's promise and, as a tentative player, followed the fortunes of the team with close interest. Indeed, from Tubby's behavior you might have thought him already a member. He claimed the right to sit on the bench during practice and when the team played away from home—which was only twice—and, although at first he was incontinently banished, persistence finally won. He even tried to take part in the nightly conferences, and was deeply hurt when Captain Phil, aided by two husky members, persuaded him to withdraw. However, Tubby was good-natured and he cherished no resentment, and proved it by offering Captain Phil a lot of advice the next afternoon. Some fellows, treated as Tubby had been treated, would have kept the advice to themselves and let the team worry along as best it might without their aid. But Tubby wasn't like that. The mere fact that his advice was not acted on detracts not at all from the nobility of his course.

Claflin's went through the early season with about the usual result. She won two games and lost one. As the defeat was at the hands of a team averaging a year older and six or eight pounds heavier, Claflin's was provided with an alibi, and made full use of it. Tubby always came away from a game something of a physical and nervous wreck. He invariably shouted from the kick-off to the last whistle, and that alone was wearing on a youth who lost breath quite easily. Then, too, he was extremely loyal to the Blue and ready to uphold and defend

its honor at all times. The day when Claflin's fell before the great age and weight of Copeland Academy, Tubby returned to school with an ensanguined nose as the result of his patriotism. As however, his antagonist in the debate had sustained a much discolored left eye Tubby considered that the honor of Claflin's was still unsullied.

The twenty-second of October arrived much as the twenty-first had arrived—except that it brought a rain-storm with it—and no one at school, save, of course, Tubby himself, realized the eventfulness of it. In fact, it wasn't until the expressman came just before dinner and brought a large box for Henry Ward that anyone thought anything about the day. Subsequently Tubby received numerous compliments—they were usually in series; fourteen—"and one to grow on!"—and became a person of some importance. The importance lasted until the contents of the box from home had been practically eliminated. Captain Phil received a large slice of chocolate cake and two pieces of candy as his share of the party, and, since he was in strict training, put them away in a shoe-box on his closet shelf for future reference. Phil must, of course, have realized that the event was Tubby's fourteenth anniversary of his birth, and yet on the morrow, when Tubby appeared on the playing field in a brand new pair of canvas football pants, a blue jersey and a shining black leather head harness he appeared strangely surprised. The rotund apparition seemed to have affected his memory, too, for it took Tubby all of five minutes to recall to Phil's mind the fact that he had promised—well, as good as promised, anyway—to take Tubby on to the football team on the

twenty-third day of October! Eventually the harassed Captain remembered.

"All right! All right! You're a substitute," he said.

"Substitute what?" asked Tubby interestedly.

"Er—gee, I don't know!" answered Phil distractedly. "Just a—just a substitute I guess! Go on back to the bench. I'll call you when I want you."

Tubby sat on the bench throughout practice, contented, admiring his unsullied pants and watching the others. There were three substitutes now; Billy Dakin, Joe Maddox and Tubby. Billy was a substitute lineman, Joe was a substitute back and (Cont., page 30)



"All right! All right! You're a substitute," he said. "Substitute what?" asked Tubby interestedly



“You are Cordially Invited”

By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

SOME time ago I was asked to choose a group of people from books to invite to a purely imaginary house party. That was such a delightful problem, that ever since I have been making up fanciful lists of week-end guests. And so, when your Editor asked me to write an article about the attractive young girls of fiction, it occurred to me that I would consider them from that point of view—guests of a household.

What an opportunity! To gather together under one roof the six girls I like best. Thrilling but a little perplexing! For indeed, one is not so much burdened by the thought of whom to invite, as by whom to leave out. The world of books is full of charming young girls. I decided finally however that it would help in the business of elimination if I made this occasion a reception, a reception to which I would invite all the Girl Scouts.

Allow me therefore to introduce to you—

First, PORTIA from *The Merchant of Venice*. I think you will like Portia at once because she is not only beautiful and romantic but wise. She has the judgment of a young queen who has been trained from early childhood in the ways of political acumen. Indeed, Portia would have made a perfect young queen. She is instinctively much more royal than many of the characters of whom Shakespeare has made real queens.

Second, ROSALIND from *As You Like It*. I know you are all going to love Rosalind. In the end, you may not love her more than Portia, but in the beginning I am sure you will love her sooner. Rosalind is, perhaps, the most charming girl in the whole world of books—the gayest, the most lark-spirited. Rosalind had all that feeling for adventure which makes the boy of her age run away to sea. And such humor! I feel sure that if she were alive today, she would be in college rehearsing in three college plays at least all the time.

Third, EVELINA from Fanny Burney's novel of that name. Sometimes I think that the really modern girls of fiction began with Evelina. At any rate, the book was written about a hundred and fifty years ago when the author herself was a young girl. It was so much more gay, alive and fluid than any of the novels, whether by men or by women, which preceded it, that it became the sensation and Fanny Burney the lion of the hour. In brief, it is the story of a young country girl, Evelina, who

goes to London on a visit and is introduced to London society. What her adventures were, and what extraordinary situations she was always finding herself in, you must discover for yourself. But I know you will grow to love her in the process, she is such a combination—as most girls are—of social shyness and giggling humor, of curiosity about people and terror of them, of swift impulse and slow caution that perhaps you will feel more at home with her than with anybody else at the party.

Fourth, ETHEL NEWCOME from *The Newcomes*. Perhaps Thackeray drew in this character a young girl who will be typical of England's upper class as long as England's upper class lasts. Ethel's qualities are splendid, the qualities of true breeding—candor, courage and conscientiousness. Had she lived in the Great War, she would have been one of those young British Boadiceas who worked all over the war zone, in peril of their lives much of the time, but so busy that they did not even notice it. If she were alive now, I feel certain she would be a golf champion.

Fifth, LYDIA from George Bernard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession*. You will enjoy Lydia because in the beginning of the novel she is placed in the situation in which every young girl would like to find herself. She is young, beautiful, charming, rich, able, gifted, of an established social position—and with nobody to say her nay. How she runs her life—how wilful she is and yet how humble and simple, what mistakes she is always making with the very best of motives, how she falls in love and ultimately marries the most delightful pugilist in the world—makes a story to which, I prophesy, once you fall under its spell, you will return again and again.

Sixth, LOSSIE in William De Morgan's *Joseph Vance*. I have left Lossie to the end not alone because she is the last of these six in point of chronology but because she is at the same time the easiest and the hardest to describe. Lossie has neither great beauty, nor great gifts, nor great fortune, nor a great social position. She is just sheer girl—sweet, gay, lovely, loving and lovable girl. That's all I can say about Lossie, but I think I may prophesy that if she were in an American college and there were a poll at the end of the year as to which girl was the most beloved in the institution, she would get all the votes.

Oh, must you go? I'm so sorry! I am so glad you've enjoyed my party though. Please come to the next one.

*Sid digs for cousins in the old
yellow book*



So Far in This Story:

SIDNEY ROMLEY is one of a family of four orphan sisters. She and Isolde and Trude and Vick who plagues Sid, live in the old Middletown house which their father, Joseph Romley the famous poet, left. At their father's death, several years before, the girls were befriended by the League, a group of men and women (mostly women) interested in poets and in keeping Mr. Romley's "shrine" open to visitors. They paid the mortgage on condition that the girls live there and receive sight-seeing tourists. These Leaguers, especially Mrs. Milliken, are a great trial to the girls who must always appear as poets' daughters should.

Sid, at fifteen, decides that the time has come when she should take her rightful place as an equal in the family councils. She demands her turn at the Egg, an amount of money coming annually from the sale of one of their father's book of poems. The girls, surprised at Sid's rebellion, vote the Egg to Sid who refuses to tell what she will do with the money. Whereupon Isolde who is usually the Reception Committee for visiting Leaguers, because she has golden hair and wears picturesque smocks, suggests that since Sid is now grown-up, she shall receive Mrs. Milliken that day and any one else who comes. Sid does. And a girls' boarding school comes, with Pola among them, who is fascinated with Sid. She urges the poet's daughter to go away from the lady Leaguers and have some adventure. Sid resolves to go after the adventure. But how?

Laughing Last

*Only a forgotten,
yellow book in Sid's
attic, yet it starts the ad-
venture. Go along with Sid
in this, the second instalment
of our new mystery serial*

By JANE ABBOTT

Illustrations by Esther Andrews

Meanwhile, Sid's sisters are wondering what they are going to do with Sid during the summer. Isolde has been invited to go to Professor and Mrs. Deering's. Trude has been invited to the White's on Long Island. Vick "has hopes" of Godmother Jocelyn who travels and often takes Vick along. The older sisters decide to write Huldah, their former household helper, to come and stay with Sid.

Sid does not know of this as she goes to the attic to think out the way to her Adventure.

Chapter 3—Sidney Digs for Cousins

It was a beautiful attic. It had mysterious crannies and shadowy corners and deep, dusty holes. Sidney had walled off one end by piling one trunk upon another and pushing an old wardrobe next to them. There she had her possessions, a flat-topped desk with wobbly legs, the skeleton of a sofa on which sat five dusty and neglected dolls, an old rocker and a conglomeration of her favorite books. To this sanctuary Sidney now retreated from Vick and the Leaguers and her luckless lot.

How could she ever get away for adventures when the Egg never amounted to much? Travel in the Romley family had always been limited. Neither Isolde nor Trude had gone further than fifty miles from Middletown until the two trustees, after Joseph Romley's death, had summoned the girls to New York. Victoria, seemingly born to more fortune than the others, had been whisked away on several trips with Godmother Jocelyn. But Vick had returned from these trips so dispirited that Sidney suspected that traveling with fat and fussy Godmother Jocelyn was not the unalloyed pleasure Vick would have them believe.

To how much Sidney longed to vision the world, an old map, tacked to one of the attic rafters, attested.

Upon this Sidney had marked the different localities of which she read in books and newspapers. When a Leaguer introduced some visitor from a far-off city, Sidney promptly noted the visit on the map. In consequence, now Sidney stared at the old map with speculative eyes. It was a pity, she lamented voicelessly, that her father had shunned all their relatives. It would help her now to have a few cousins to visit. Every one else had some, and she must have some somewhere. She had a wide and vicarious acquaintance scattered from coast to coast.

Suddenly, she remembered a book she had found once in the attic. It had fascinated her for awhile, then she had thrown it aside for something more novel, little dreaming that it was to hold an important part in shaping her future fortunes—or misfortunes. It was a slender volume, yellow with dust, and Sidney finding it opened it eagerly.

Its first page was given over to a curious tree from the sprawling branches of which hung things like grapefruits, each ring encircling one or two names. A line at the bottom explained that the curious growth was the Tree of the New England Ellis family. At her first inspection, Sidney had felt no particular sense of belonging to the suspended grapefruits. But finding an "Ann Ellis" in a corner of the tree had brought them suddenly close to her.

"Ann Ellis Green"—why, that was her mother's name. And the grapefruits were her mother's ancestors!

Sidney read on eagerly.

"Ann Ellis married Jonathan Green, June 10, 1874. To this happy union has been born one precious daughter, our little Ann." Why that "little Ann" was her own mother, of course! Sidney suddenly thought it strange that her mother had cared so little for the family tree that she had left it in the attic. Probably that was because her mother had been too busy being a poet's wife to bother about dead and gone Ellises.

Sidney read on, this time about the Greens. "On this day, October 6, 1869, my brother, Ezekiel Green sailed from Provincetown for far shores on his good ship the Betsy King. God's blessing go with him—"

There were more entries concerning the brother, Ezekiel, written in Jonathan Green's fine hand. Ezekiel and his good ship the Betsy King were reported as returning safely from the Azores.

"Oh-h!" cried Sidney aloud as she read at the top of another page that the Betsy King had foundered off the Cape in the storm of '72 with all lives lost. "May the soul of my beloved brother, Ezekiel Green, rest in peace with his Maker."

Sidney forgot the Ellis tree in her breathless interest in the fate of Ezekiel Green. It was like a story of marvelous adventure. Her grandfather had evidently thought a great deal of this brother who had sailed the oceans wide. He had added, "Our living prayers go out in behalf of our beloved Ezekiel's son and daughter, Asabel and Achsa. May they walk in the path their respected father trod before them!"

Sidney's brain actually crackled with lightning calculations. This Asabel and Achsa must be old but they might still be living—and at Provincetown from whence the Betsy King had sailed. Perhaps Asabel had a boat, too. Provincetown—she looked at the map. Why, Provincetown was at the very tip end of that crooked finger of land which always seemed to be beckoning to ships to come to Massachusetts. And she, Sidney Romley, had never known that she had relatives, lots of them, who lived right on Cape Cod! She figured off the generations on her fingers. Ezekiel Green was her mother's uncle, her own great uncle. This son and daughter, Asabel and Achsa, were her mother's first cousins, her second cousins.

"Cousin Achsa!" she repeated the name slowly. She pictured Cousin Achsa living in a square, white cupoloed house of noble dimensions that crowned a rocky eminence from which a sweeping view of the ocean might be had. This picture had no more shaped itself in her mind than the resolution formed to communicate at once with Asabel and Achsa.

Sidney climbed on the box before the high desk and spread the book before her for reference. Then she took out a sheet of writing paper and dipped an old pen into a bottle of ink. Her imagination seething, it was not

difficult to frame her unusual letter. Indeed, the writing of it fell into quite easy lines.

"Dear Cousin Achsa,

You will be very much surprised to get a letter from your second cousin, Sidney Ellis Romley. But I have heard my mother speak of you so often. (Some quick calculation caused her to amend this statement). At least, my older sisters have told me that she spoke often of you. You see she died when I was a baby. My father is dead too. I live with my sisters in Middletown. I am the youngest though I am fifteen.

My sisters have traveled extensively but I have never gone anywhere. But this summer I am going to have the Egg which is a sum of money that comes to us once a year. I can spend the Egg any way I want to. I think I will go somewhere on a train. I came across a family tree of the New England Ellises which told all about the Greens, too, and Ezekiel Green who was your father as you know, and his good ship the Betsy King which I think was thrilling, and all about you and Cousin Asabel, and it was so interesting that I have decided to visit you if it is convenient. I will not be any trouble. I wish you would write and tell me if I can come. I shall await your letter with trembling expectancy.

Your most affectionate and new found cousin,

Sidney Ellis Romley."

Sidney hurried the letter into an envelope, sealed and addressed it to Provincetown.

Vick's voice, sharply rebuking, broke across her pre-occupation. "Sidney! Luncheon. I called you three times."



Sidney jumped hurriedly from her perch

Sidney jumped hurriedly from her perch, tucking the letter into the pocket of her blouse.

Her lips were pressed together in a thin line of red. No one, her sisters least, must suspect that Adventure loomed so close. She would guard her plans carefully in her "inscrutable breast."

Chapter 4—

The Summer Will Tell Who Laughs Last!

To use Sidney's own words, "things happened" with amazing swiftness. First came Mrs. Milliken's unpleasant announcement that the Summer Convention of the League was to be held in Middletown during July and she hinted that it would be "nice" if the girls could go away for July, at least all of them except dear Isolde.

Then Sidney heard for the first time of Isolde's invitation to the Deerings. Isolde had thrown it in self defence at Mrs. Milliken. "I do not expect to be here, Mrs. Milliken. I am going to Professor Deering's for July and August to help him with his new book."

Then the Egg, seventy whole dollars, came on the same day that Godmother Jocelyn informed Vick by telegram that if she could be ready by the first of July she could go with her to California by way of the Canadian Rockies. "Be ready! I should say I could!" cried Vick.

Isolde considered this an auspicious moment to break to Sidney their plans for the summer. "And Trude's going to Long Island with the Whites, dear. But you won't be lonely here with Huldah."

"Oh, there's a letter from Huldah on the table in the hall!" cried Vick. Trude hastily scanned the few lines of the letter. "Oh, dear!" she exclaimed. "Huldah can't come!"

The older girls gasped. Then Trude said, slowly, "I'll stay home with Sid. And we'll have lots of fun, won't we, Sid dear?" There was so much more sincerity in Trude's honest blue eyes than any suggestion of self-sacrifice that Sidney ran around to her and hugged her. She longed to tell Trude and the others of her own budding plans, only she had not yet received an answer from Cousin Achsa. So all she would say was, "We just won't mind the League."

But that very afternoon the postman handed her an envelope addressed to "Miss Sidney Ellis Romley" and postmarked Provincetown. Sidney ran with it straight to her attic retreat. There was a Cousin Achsa. Her own letter had reached her and had been answered! The envelope felt soft and fine in her fingers.

Oh, this Cousin Achsa must be wealthy like Pola! She broke the envelope and spread out the double sheet it contained.

"My dear little cousin:

Of course you may come to visit us. We shall enjoy learning to love a young cousin who must be delight-

ful if we can judge from her letter. We blame ourselves and the miles that have separated us for not knowing anything of "Sidney Ellis Romley" until yesterday, though we knew your mother in days long past. Will you write and tell us when we may expect you? Can a girl of fifteen find her way to this outlying bit of country? We await your word with affectionate anticipation.

Your already loving cousin,
Achsa."

Sidney blinked hard simply to be certain that the words actually lay before her eyes. It was a beautiful letter. Cousin Achsa must surely live in the square white house on the eminence she had pictured. She had written "we" so perhaps Cousin Asabel still lived or maybe there were young cousins. She hugged the letter to her and rushed off to find the girls wherever they all might be.

Guided by the murmur of voices, Sidney broke headlong into an informal conference of the older sisters. Her drama-loving soul could not have asked a more thrilling moment for denouement. Isolde had just declared that she could not enjoy a day of her stay with the Deerings if Trude had to give up her Long Island plans and stay home with just Sid.

"Your sacrifice is quite unnecessary," Sid announced at this very juncture, in such a queer voice that the three older girls stared at her in alarm. In truth, her flushed face

and wild eyes gave strength to the sudden conviction that she had gone mad! She fairly leaped at Isolde and flung her letter into Isolde's lap. "I guess 'just Sid' is capable of making her own plans!" Then she stood back, anxiously, and watched Isolde read the letter.

As Isolde read it aloud, she punctuated it with excited exclamations.

"My dear little Cousin." Why, Sid, how did you happen to write to her? "Of course you may come and visit us!" Sid, what have you been doing? And so to the end.

Sidney drew a long breath and braced herself.

Her explanation tumbled out with such incoherence that the girls kept interrupting her to ask her to repeat something. Well, they had told her she could use the Egg any way she wanted to and she wanted to go somewhere a long way off, on a train. One always had to visit some one and she remembered these cousins.

"Why, how could you, Sid? I don't think you've ever heard us speak of them."

"Well, I did. Blood's thicker than water!" wittingly.

A sudden laugh from Vick brought Sidney to an abrupt stop. But Isolde turned her attention again to the letter.

"It's a very nice letter, a cultured letter, don't you think so, Trude? Somehow, I have always had the idea that these relations in the East, the Greens, were very—well, uneducated. But this letter doesn't look like it. And they actually seem to want Sidney to come!"

"It's a long way," Trude put in, anxiously.

(Continued on page 32)



"It's a long way," Trude put in, anxiously



Blessing the House

This ceremony has been written that every Girl Scout may give it and so join in the dedication of our new National Headquarters

By ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

CHORUS

Blessed let them be.

LIGHT BEARER

(lifts lighted candle)

See how our window is throwing a light,
Lovely and tall, with a flame lily white.

CHORUS

Let the whole of the world grow bright.

FEAST BEARER

(lifts Feast)

See how our Table with food is spread
Apples and honey and grapes and bread.

CHORUS

Let the whole of the world be fed.

FIRE BEARER

(lifts bowl of fire)

See how our hearth is quickened and warm
To comfort the traveler out of the storm.
Let the whole of the world be saved from
harm.

CHORUS

Let the whole of the world be saved from harm.

LIGHT BEARER

God bless this House and at this door
Let every girl leave garlands gay.
Though some are near and some are far
Yet somehow all are here today.
Thousands of girls are gathered here
The Daughters of the House are they.
And they bring honor, they bring truth
And the high chivalry of youth—
And they bring Dream—
Then let us pray.

ALL

(with bowed heads, in unison)

To Thee—Oh Lord—we consecrate
This House—and we do dedicate
The life we spend in it to Thee.
Thy blessing on our work we ask.
The beauty of our common task—
Lord—let us see.

LIGHT BEARER

God bless this House from thatch to floor
And they who enter at the door
Blessed let them be.

CHORUS

God bless this house from thatch to floor—
Blessed let it be.

(They go off, followed by Speakers, singing)

And they who enter at the door

Blessed let them be—

(The refrain is repeated once again—very softly out of sight)

The procession as it goes off should be led by the LIGHT BEARER and should end with the FIRE BEARER. But the candle, the bowl of fire, and the dish of fruit shall be left on an altar-like table as a symbol of sharing.

THIS Ceremony requires three speaking parts. It may be elaborated, if desired, by having a costumed chorus to enter with the speakers. This chorus might chant or sing the refrain. Three characters, however, are all that are necessary:

THE LIGHT BEARER—who carries a tall lighted white candle.

THE FIRE BEARER—who carries a bowl of fire.

THE FEAST BEARER—who carries a shining bowl or salver in which are piled grapes, apples, bread.

This text provides for the chorus to repeat the refrains. But instead of an additional chorus the refrains may be said by the Three Speakers in unison or entirely by the LIGHT BEARER, if she has a good voice. Or the refrains may be said or sung by some one behind the scenes. There is nothing fixed in this Ceremony, which is presented here in a manner to make it readily adjustable to varying conditions. By means of this Ceremony the House may be blessed by every Scout troop in the country.

Since conditions under which the Ceremony is presented will be so different in different places, it is hardly possible to describe in detail exits and entrances.

Ceremony

CHORUS

(begin out of sight—then enter bringing with them the THREE SPEAKERS)

God bless this House from thatch to floor

Blessed let it be.

And they who enter at the door

Blessed let them be—

Blessed let them be—

(They take their places)

LIGHT BEARER

God bless this House from thatch to floor
And they who enter at the door.

"When I Was a Girl"

Frances Hobart has spent her life getting libraries into lonely places. Would you like a job like hers?

By ALICE MARY KIMBALL

WHEN I first met Frances Hobart, I was a bashful, awkward girl just past sixteen. My skin was tanned and freckled like a turkey's egg. I had taken my hair from its pigtails and coiled it, young lady fashion, in a knot at the neck. I had lengthened my skirts; and I kept a grim look on my face as children do when they are playing teacher.

I was studying in an academy in a little town not far from the backwoods farm where my childhood had been spent, and I was teaching a few backward preparatory students to pay my expenses.

I was as hungry for books all the time as young puppies are hungry for steak bones.

Do you know what it is to be hungry for books?

There had been few books in the mountain neighborhood in northern Vermont where I was born. Our land had nothing in its favor but a wild and a lonely beauty. It was surrounded by upland pastures, wastes of forests, and beautiful blue-green mountains. Hawks, porcupines, and bobcats were our neighbors. We lived several miles from a railroad. Farms in our township were far apart, with stretches of poor road between. No people, you see, of whom to borrow books, no public libraries except in distant towns, no money to spend for books and magazines.

Crops grew badly on our thin-soiled, stony side-hills.

Besides there were six children in our family to be clothed and educated.

The year I met Miss Hobart, I wanted books harder than I had ever wanted anything else; and I had wanted (very hard and vainly) at other times a party dress, a bicycle, and a Shetland pony.

"If there were only a public library in this village," I used to say to Mr. Harwood, the Congregational minister, at whose house I boarded.



Frances Hobart, gardening up in Vermont where Miss Kimball met her

"There'll never be one, they say, so long as Ambrose Hall is alive."

He spoke a little sadly, for he also was too poor to buy all the books he wished.

Ambrose Hall was a powerful old man, with a long white beard, a hook nose, and glittering black eyes. He was a natural leader and in town affairs he had much influence which, unfortunately, was directed toward a policy of stinginess and penny-squeezing. He wished to keep taxes low, whatever happened, and so, year after year, he fought against good roads and school improvement. He had always laughed at people who wanted a public library.

"A few shelves of books won't help us to buy sugar and flour," he often said. He was an eloquent public speaker and for years the town meeting had always voted his way. In New England, perhaps you know, the public business of the country township is settled at a

yearly gathering of the voters known as the town meeting. On a certain day in March, the citizens of the little village and the rural neighborhood meet in the town hall. All day long they make speeches, introduce motions, decide who the public officials shall be, and how much of the tax money shall be spent for roads, schools, and the care of the poor.

Whenever it was proposed to spend some of the tax money buying books to start a library, Mr. Hall had

arisen in town meeting and made a speech in opposition. His white beard waved, his voice shook with emotion. The public library measure had been beaten for years.

"How shall I get some books on wild flowers? How shall I get a book on ferns?" So ran my thoughts, round and round, like a squirrel in a cage.

I had just learned to go tramping in the woods with my eyes alert for arbutus, yellow lady slipper, and curious



Courtesy of Publishers' Weekly

A "Book Wagon" is a library on wheels which brings books to the boys and girls and grown-ups in country communities

kinds of ferns. There were numbers of flowers and scores of kinds of ferns and trees which I couldn't identify at all. There was no botany course at the academy, and no botanical books in the public library. How could I ever learn the names of my plant friends and their queer habits without books?

I read one day in a magazine an article by Mr. John Cotton Dana, a distinguished librarian. Any ambitious young person, he wrote, could get a library for his or her home town. The first thing was to write to the Library Commission at the state capital and find out what to do.

Was Mr. Dana speaking the truth?

If so, I could get my books in spite of Mr. Hall.

I got up my courage to write a letter, just as Mr. Dana's letter had directed.

A week later a young woman rode in on the stage that met the train five miles away. She came to my boarding place and asked for me.

"I am Miss Hobart," she replied, "from the State Library Commission. I've come to help you get your library."

Was I dreaming?

Miss Hobart didn't look like a dream. There she stood, perfectly solid and real, smiling at me, with sympathy and humor. She was a slender girl, a few years older than I, with pink cheeks and big grey-blue eyes. I'd never liked anybody so much on first sight.

"They say we can't have a library," I said, "because of Mr. Hall." I told her about him. Her eyes twinkled.

"There are Mr. Halls everywhere," she said, "people who are set in old-fashioned ways and can't understand the young folk who want to read. But Pooh! You can beat Mr. Hall!"

She spent the night with me. Till midnight we made plans.

The next day was Saturday—no school. Bright and early we were out in the nipping February air. Town meeting was next month and there was no time to lose. We went to see the clergymen of all the churches, the teachers, physicians, and business men. Miss Hobart talked to them in favor of a library and I listened. What facts she had at her tongue's end! She told of boys and girls who had grown to useful men and women, because they had had a chance at self-education through books. She showed how books would lessen the loneliness of winter evenings on the farm. She appealed to local patriotism and to hard business sense.

That evening, I got out my water-color paints and splashed a picture of our future public library building on sheets of poster paper. It was a crude drawing, but it did well enough to advertise a public library mass meeting at which Miss Hobart would speak.

The next day Mr. Hall drove into the village in his battered old

pung. He saw the poster in the post office, and my, how he raged and scolded!

"Who are those girls who are talking foolishness about a library," he stormed. "If there's a library, it will be over my dead body. I'll show 'em."

Miss Hobart organized a committee to work for a library. A small sum of money was to be voted in town meeting, according to the plan. The state would add to this sum. The library committee would swell the total by giving bazaars and entertainments throughout the year. There would be, as a result of all this, a library with one or two thousand books. The building would come later. For the present the books could be housed in a private residence and one of the committee members would volunteer services as a librarian.

Well, I never worked so hard in my life as I did before that town meeting. I visited every house in the village. Then I tramped miles in the country over white, drifted roads, talking books to the farmers and their wives.

To make a long story short, we got the library.

I can't tell you the good I had from those books! I had a chance now, to study not only ferns and flowers, but to read standard works of literature and science. One or two of the books I read that year changed the course of my whole life.

And I wasn't the only person who benefited from the library. The whole town read the books. Even Mr. Hall got won over, and became as enthusiastic in favor of the library as he had been against it.

Today Miss Hobart is secretary of the New Hampshire State Library Commission. She is still working to get books into lonely places.

You will see, by this article, that libraries have a wonderful opportunity for human service. If you love books, and if you would rather help your fellows than win money or fame, maybe you would like to be a librarian? The pay of librarians is not high. The majority of library salaries are below \$2,000 a year. But there are great opportunities for usefulness. If you get library training, you may be employed as a children's librarian and have charge of giving out books to boys and girls and telling them stories. You can get a job as a school librarian, an industrial librarian, or a librarian in a private library. You can drive a book wagon, work in a small town library or in a great public library. The librarian must have a high-school education and preferably a college diploma.

In addition, she must have at least one year of training at a library school. If you ever think seriously of library work as a profession, you can get plenty of information by writing to the American Library Association, 86 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

My friend, Miss Hobart, adds that for fun and human interest there is nothing like being a librarian.



Courtesy of American Library Association

A Children's Room librarian has many interesting hours

A Pioneer of the Back Country

A girl who had "sand" in her blood

By ELIZABETH HUNTINGTON

Illustrations by Jessie Gillespie

SOMEWHERE, under the sturdy chestnuts or the whispering ash of Ohio, fixed fast in the fertile heart of the Buckeye State, is the grave of Ann Bailey, pioneer-heroine of Ohio and West Virginia, whose story belongs to those savage seventies when the wooded wilderness between the rich banks of the Ohio and the more thickly settled portions of Virginia was the battle ground across which struggled at death-grips red man and white.

The Virginian troopers who marched under Lewis in the summer of 1774, bound for the Scioto, and the Shawnee Indians who were at war with the frontier, knew Ann Bailey. The men who husbanded Point Pleasant, the cape that juts out between the Kanawha River and the mighty Ohio, knew her. The garrison of the lonely fort where Charleston now stands, knew her well.

Ann and her husband had shipped from Liverpool, her birthplace, as bond-servants to a wealthy Virginia gentleman. They were worthy of membership in that sturdy Presbyterian stream of Scotch-Irish that began its great surge across the Atlantic in the last years of the seventeenth century, absorbed the gist of New World conditions from the sea-board settlements in the east and then, towering to its crest, spilled over and flowed south and west, peopling our back country. A robust, shrewd, courageous, thrifty people—trained frontiersmen from a stiff course in their own native border warfares; nourished with the Bible and the fervent love of country and kind; lusty of physique and ruthless and resolute of mind.

Those were the days of wary dogged plodding through long, rank grass that harbored copperheads and rattlesnakes, coiled sinews of poison. They were the days of the "tomahawk claim," when a pioneer took possession of land by cutting his name in the bark of a convenient tree. We can be sure that the hand that guided the knife was brown and corded, and that it cut deep and true—even if the tree selected happened to be thick-skinned hickory or tough-barked oak. Those were the days, too, when heavy miles of foliage dripping moisture bred torturing swarms of deer-flies, midges and mosquitoes that in turn bred that homely North American preventative, the "smudge." And the "smudge" in turn bred betrayal by its smoke to roving squads of Cherokees or Choc-taws, foot-loose and watchful.

Clearings, cabins and the "truck

patch"—where squashes, melons and beans were grown—were the A B C of this pioneer education. But the whole alphabet of it was, that no man's hand ever strayed far from his flint-lock. Whether it were log-rolling or house-warming, corn-shucking or cabin-raising—when the broad axes whirled while the clean white chips of hickory, oak or young pine flew—the heavy flint-lock rifles were always within snatching reach. Such people came of a stock that boasted "sand" in its blood. And "sand" was what Ann Bailey had inherited, in sharp, clear quantity.

The bond-servant of Ann's day paid for his passage to the colonies by hiring out his labor for an agreed term to the Colonial who had paid his way across. When Ann and her husband had worked out their term, they settled in Virginia. Soon after, the husband was killed in Dunmore's and Lewis' costly conflict with the Indians at the Great Kanawha.

By that time Ann was beginning to be known as a woman of extraordinary bent and energy. She was a crack shot. She rode horseback as though she were modeled into the saddle. She knew the forest as well as she knew her Covenanters' creed. When she joined Clendenin's hard-pressed garrison on the Kanawha, to act as messenger between the garrison and Point Pleasant, she nipped the bull's eye at target practice as coolly as one of her pioneer sisters would have cut a linsey-woolsey petticoat, scrubbed a hominy block, or pared apples for that acknowledged backwoods table luxury—apple pie. Belted, moccasined and leather-jerkined, with her knife at her side and her small-bore flint-lock rifle clumsy but accurate, with its barrel of soft iron and its scooped-out butt—typical weapon of the back country—slung over one shoulder, she grew a familiar and welcome figure thereabouts, as a living link that bound the men at Point Pleasant to the men at the fort.

On a still, hot July day when the barrens of long grass waved warmly in the hazy air and the clearings were alive with drowsy song, the sinister rumor of Indians on the warpath began to rumble.

Captain Arbuckle, commanding Point Pleasant, sent a runner to Captain Clendenin at the garrison. The runner was with the captain for only a few moments; but when they came forth, the faces of both told a story. It was, in brief: one hundred or more Indian chiefs had been seen, crossing the swift sweep of the Ohio at Raccoon Island the day before; and no man doubted that they planned to attack Clendenin's fort.



To protect herself Ann, each night, knocked together a raised bed

The settlers around the fort were gathered into it at once. And then the blow fell—their stock of ammunition was all but gone. Clendenin immediately determined to send to Camp Union, now Lewisburg, for powder and lead. But from the garrison to Union was a trek of one hundred miles through a trackless wilderness of savage gloom and creeping menace. Few men could be spared from the imperilled fort; and nobody was anxious to attempt the journey with only a small party.

At this point Ann Bailey heard of what was happening. She instantly offered to go, and to go alone. Then she possessed her soul in patience while Clendenin threshed out her suggestion. In this—precedent, and the code of honorable arms. In that—Ann's knowledge of the country, her perseverance, her courage and woodcraft. Scale number two tipped the balance. Ann was furnished with a good horse, a stock of jerked venison and johnny-cake—and the prayers of the garrison.

She needed them. Alone in that tangle of dense woodland and often impenetrable thicket, in which there were gulches and wooded hills to cross, rivers to swim, straggling batches of braves to dodge, wild animals to out-wit—what sustained her? The grim blood of her forefathers, of course, and her own broad flare for the racy zest of a big game played against big odds. But very probably there was more than this—there was the strong hope that out of the crimson cruelty and waste of the times, wisdom would eventually come, and the fell footage of the dark and bleeding lands yield itself up at last to acres of golden corn, and the red man and the white sit down together in the sun to smoke the cleansing pipe of peace.

Her hard course lay south-east, pierced by the treacherous gorges, scarred by the rugged crumble of the rocks, threaded and rent apart by creeks and rivers, bulwarked by the mountains. Glade Creek, Loop Creek and the foaming waters of Big Clear Creek probably saw her pass. The rushing coolness of the Kanawha Falls charging down their desolate ravine must have sounded in her ears. Meadow River and New River rolled on implacable across the way that she took. The stubborn straggle of foothills west of the big Alleghany ridge opposed her. And at the very threshold of her quest old Muddy Creek Mountain thrust up his lofty, silent head.

Death and Ann Bailey moved very near each other, those days and nights in the uncompromising wilderness. There were panthers, a soft-footed and ferocious menace to lone pioneers. There was the long, long chance that any covert might conceal the Indians, trained for generations to watchfulness keener than a wild animal's, whose eyes could read unfailingly the riddle in a bruised leaf, a scratched tree-trunk or the faint, faint quiver of breathless motion in the silent glades of the woods. There was the threat of freshets and of forest fires. There were copperheads, and the deadly rattlesnake.

To protect herself from these last while she slept, Ann each night knocked together a raised bed from four stout forked sticks about three feet high, and a bundle of fresh boughs and branches. She whittled sharp ends to the forked sticks and drove them solidly into the ground, wedged other sticks, and the branches, compactly across

them—held fast in the four forks—and spread pine boughs thick over the top. Her blanket served her for mosquito netting, and certainly it was needed, for in the still, humid deepness of the lush summer woods the insatiable insects hummed and swarmed, circled and attacked, with a ferocity that would have sent a less resolute being "right-about" for the homeward trail.

But there was no turning back for Ann Bailey. She had pledged herself to get through to fresh ammunition—and get through she did. She reached Camp Union and delivered her orders. Histories do not relate the sensation that her arrival there caused,

but it is not difficult to imagine it. There must have been a deal of running to and fro in the rude foot paths of the settlement, and pointing out, and questioning, and a crowding round of homespun petticoats. The housewives of Camp Union probably dropped their deer-skin shoemaking or their quilting in a flurry to run out and see Ann, and the men at work in the "truck-patches" must have thrown aside hoe and sickle to follow quickly after. Probably, too, Camp Union turned out as one pioneer when Ann—not only with her own faithful horse but with a strong pack horse, too, laden with the vitally needed powder and lead—set forward on her return.

Years later she told her neighbors, who never tired of the tale, about that return trip. She remembered especially how the wolves had troubled her. Though it was summer, and they were many warm weeks away from their rapacious winter mood, they nosed out the scent of the horses, and gave lean, inquisitive chase. The sight of their grey, gaunt bodies loping silently in her wake for hours at a stretch tested Ann's courage sharply. Sometimes a lone "grey-beard" padded through the thicket. Sometimes a pair would swing through the rustling cane-brake. At the silent break of day when she reloaded the pack horse and set on again, munching in the saddle her breakfast of johnny-cake, the shadow of a wolf often lurked near. And at the fearsome hour of twilight the long, rough bodies with their bushy tails drooping paced through the darkness never far behind the horses, stealthy paw for plodding hoof.

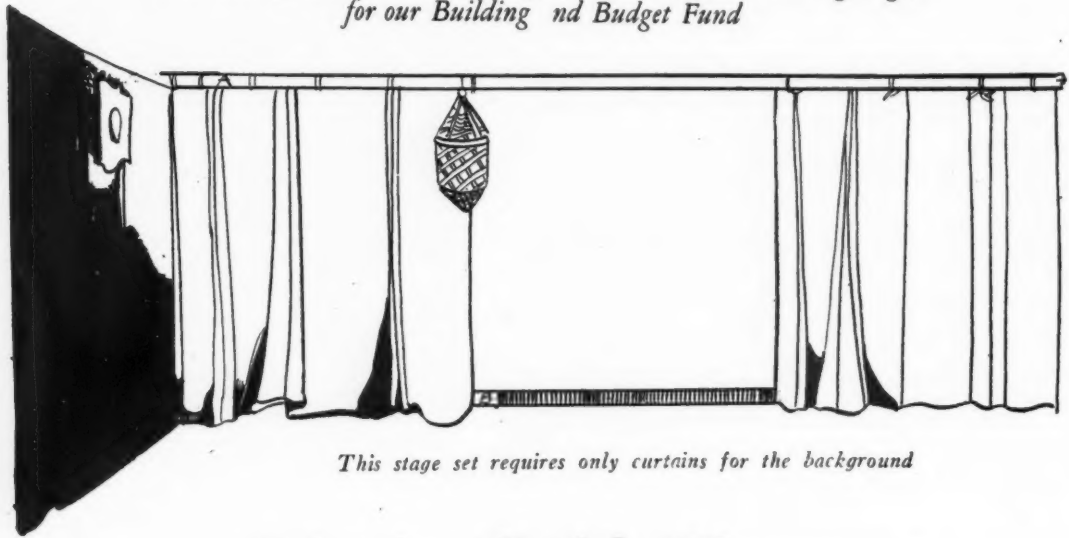
It was tooth and claw against steady hand and stout heart. It was creeping death against vigilance and knowledge. It was peril of woods and waters against woodsman's craft. It was peril of loss, hunger and sickness against scout's skill. And it was nip-and-tuck. But when Ann rode into Clendenin's garrison there was still food in her sack and spirit in her horses; there was an edge to her knife yet, her store of shot was unexhausted, and the high stakes for which she had played, she had carried through intact.

What Clendenin said when he saw her, or the men of the garrison, or the terrified souls who had been gathered into the stockade, we do not know. But the dread attack was made the very next day, and though the forest spat forth painted death, and quivering arrows speckled the wooden face of the stockade, and the mellow mid-summer calm was rent by the wicked old music of powder and ball, the fort was saved, and the lives for which Ann Bailey had risked her own were allowed once more to plant and build, to weave and bake, to struggle toward peace.



The sight of their gray, gaunt bodies loping silently in her wake, tested Ann's courage sharply

Part Two of the new Girl Scout play, which is just the thing to give
for our Building and Budget Fund



This stage set requires only curtains for the background

Magic Gold Pieces

By MARGARET MOCHRIE

Designs by Aurelie Asten

WHAT Part One brought: Linda and her Girl Scout friends, Jane, Connie, Ann, Hester and Sue. It brought you, too, the canary that sang in Linda's living room where Linda was sleeping when the girls came for her. How disappointed the girls were to find that Linda had made nothing to sell at the Scout fair booth that evening! And how they begged her to come, when she told them she was too lazy to help decorate, either. Just then, they heard singing from afar. That is, all but Linda heard it. The girls rushed to the door. It must be the stranger they had met a few minutes before. Yes, there he was now, such a mysterious looking fellow. Why, he was coming right up the path and into the room. As the entrancing stranger in the bewitching Alpine hat entered, Part One was concluded.

The stage set above is very simple. Fasten a narrow strip of wood, called a batten, where you wish to have your curtains. This is two inches wide and about an eighth of an inch through. Sew pieces of tape to the curtains so that you may tie them to the batten. Note that space for the doorway is left open.

At B in the stage set, place beaver board or blocks to give the effect of the doorway. In this curtain set, keep the sides well in the shadow.

PART TWO.

THE MAN: Hello. *(The girls back up a little, but Ann, braver than the rest, stands her ground.)*

ANN: Hello. Are you selling something?

THE MAN: No. But I may be giving something, if I find I've come to the right place.

JANE: Samples of tooth-paste?

THE MAN: Much better than that.

CONNIE: Chocolate drops?

THE MAN *(laughing and showing his very white teeth, which are all the more noticeable because his face is bronzed, almost like a gypsy's):* No.

HESTER: Colored beads?

THE MAN: You'll never guess, though you try a thousand years. So I'll tell you. *(He leans toward them and half-whispers, mysteriously):* Magic gold pieces!

ANN: Really? I got a gold piece once for Christmas. But it wasn't magic.

CONNIE: I had one, too. But I spent it.

THE MAN: Ah! My gold pieces are always with you. Even if you lose them, you still have something just as good as the gold pieces themselves. That's the magic in them. *(They stand incredulous, with wide open eyes. Jane goes over to Linda, who has been reading, oblivious of the entire conversation.)*

JANE *(to Linda):* He says he has magic gold pieces. Perhaps he'll give us each one.

LINDA: Don't be foolish, Jane. He isn't here at all. I haven't heard a thing but you, all chatting together among yourselves. I believe you're dreaming.

JANE: Look around and you'll see we're not.

THE MAN *(to Ann):* May I come in and rest awhile? I'll tell you more about the gold pieces, if you'll let me.

(As Ann nods, the man enters and seats himself on the chair at the right-hand side of the table, the side farthest from Linda, whom he doesn't see. He lays his bundle on the table near Linda's bag, and leans his staff against the door as he enters. His coat he throws over the back of the chair.)

JANE *(shaking Linda by the shoulder):* There he is, on the chair! Look at him.

LINDA: No use my looking. I know he isn't there. I didn't hear him sing or see him come up the path.

THE MAN: May I have some water, please?

SUE: I'll get it for you. *(She pours water from the pitcher on the cupboard and brings it to him. He drinks it off at a draught.)*

THE MAN *(as he puts down the cup):* That was nectar.

JANE (to Linda): There! He just drank some water and called it nectar. I never even heard of nectar. So I *couldn't* be dreaming it.

LINDA: All right. Go back to your man if you really think you can see him and hear him. I'm going to stay here and read until you all come to your senses. (Jane goes toward center stage, where the rest are standing grouped around the stranger.)

THE MAN: Now, if you really want to hear about the magic gold pieces—

SUE AND JANE: We do! We do!

HESTER: Oh, yes!

CONNIE AND ANN: Of course!

THE MAN (with a sidelong glance at the one cake left on the plate): I talk much better when I'm nibbling something.

JANE: You may have this cake.

HESTER: Wait. I have some cookies in my basket. They're for the fair, but I can spare you one or two. (She brings the basket of cookies and lifts the napkin that covers them.) They're nice and fresh. I made them just after dinner today.

THE MAN (taking one and biting into it with evident enjoyment): Um-m-m-m.

HESTER (with pardonable pride): I can bake cake and bread, too, and cook a whole meal.

THE MAN (touching her on the arm as she moves away. His mouth is full of cooky as he speaks): Didn't I hear you say you could spare two?

HESTER: Yes. The ones on this side of the basket have raisins in them.

THE MAN (taking one and holding it up to look at it admiringly): I should—yes, I should most certainly say that a super-excellent cooky-baker such as you are (bows to Hester) deserves a magic gold piece.

ANN: Are you going to give them out? One to each of us?

THE MAN: That depends on what you've done to merit them.

JANE: Where do you get them?

THE MAN: I just wish, and they're in my pockets.

ANN: Will you wish now?

THE MAN: The wishing doesn't work except under certain conditions. There are two times in every twenty-four hours when the gold pieces come. One is after sunset, just as the last glow is fading from the sky, and one is at dawn, in the cool moment before the clouds begin to get rosy.

SUE: I should think you'd be very rich, if you can get all the money you want by simply wishing. And yet—(looking significantly at his tatters and bare feet).

THE MAN (laughing): And yet I'm in tatters, and my feet are bare as new-laid eggs, eh? Well, I'll tell you why that is. I'm a poet. That explains everything.

HESTER: Don't poets wear shoes?

THE MAN: Some do. But very few care whether they have them or not. That's why they're perfectly safe to trust with the gold pieces. Now a banker or a businessman would wish morning and evening, and lock every

pocketful of money in an iron vault or invest it in real estate. That would be terrible. The fairies who send them to me don't want such a thing to happen.

ANN: What do you do with them?

THE MAN: I give them as orders of merit, to people who accomplish things.

JANE: What sort of things?

THE MAN: Oh, anything that's worth while, from making a song to growing cabbages and onions and carrots. Only the cabbages and onions and carrots must be large and firm and the song a good one, with a lilt to it. Like this! (He sings):

Tune: The Raggle-Taggle Gypsies

A princess lived in a castle of stone
On the top of a crag so dreary—oh,
And she sat at her casement and sighed for a prince
For she was lone and a-weary—oh.

And every day she began a task,
But her interest soon diminished—oh,
For each new thing that she commenced,
She left before it was finished—oh.

She left her silks on her golden loom,
Her spinning-wheel and her dyeing—oh,
And she looked down the highway, left and right,
For a prince with a white plume flying—oh.

One day as she lay on her silver couch,
While her needles all got rusty—oh,
She heard the hum of a cavalcade
Out on the highroad dusty—oh.

She listened, as louder grew the sound
Of hoofs and the bugle blowing—oh,
And she cried: "Here's my prince!
Bring my cap of pearls!
To my window I'll be going—oh."

But alas, and alack! The princess' joy
Soon sped when she discovered—oh,
That her tasks, undone,
were heaped so high,
That the casement they quite covered—oh.

So she couldn't look out as the prince went by.
She could only see her spinning—oh,
And her loom of gold and her tapestries,
And the work she was ever beginning—oh.

And she couldn't smile or wave her hand
To the prince with his white plume flying—oh.
So he passed the gate without turning in,
And the princess was left a crying—oh.

CONNIE: And what happened afterward?

THE MAN: The princess made it a point never to leave anything unfinished again. She had learned her lesson, you see.

(Continued on page 34)



And the Man sang, "A princess lived in a castle of stone"

How to Secure Girl Scout Publicity

"Now I can earn my Journalist Badge!"

IT was a New York Girl Scout speaking. She had just been asked by her Director to help the Manager of the National Girl Scout News Bureau, in preparation for the forthcoming campaign to raise a half a million dollars for the new home of the National Council. What this Girl Scout is going to do, two or three Girl Scouts in every community can do. And by so doing she will not only gain many points toward her Journalist Badge, but will help the Girl Scout movement as well.

Every Girl Scout, of course, is not qualified even to try for the Journalist Badge. But let us suppose that you are one of the fortunate Girl Scouts chosen to help in the publicity campaign. The first thing you will want to know is what publicity means. The term comes from the word "public." And publicity for the Girl Scouts means merely to tell the public in the most entertaining way possible, just what the Girl Scouts do. There are several mediums for publicity, chief among them being the newspapers and magazines, the moving pictures, and more recently, the radio. It is the first one with which you are chiefly concerned.

Open your morning newspaper and what is it that strikes your eye first? A picture, isn't it? When you have looked through several newspapers you will come to the conclusion that the best publicity is a photograph of a Girl Scout, or several Girl Scouts in action—that is: actually doing something or other which the Girl Scouts do.

Again you will notice that the studio photographs are usually of well-known people, and more often women than men. For let us whisper:—a woman's picture is more attractive than a man's, and a newspaper editor has to think of how to make his pages attractive. Here is where your Local Council will come in. All of them are well-known, whose names mean something in your community, and their photographs will be welcomed.

How to get these photographs used is the next question. The answer is in the word, "news." And news means the day the event occurs or before, not the day after. In a small town paper, the newspaper editor may be amiable, and print a picture just because he happens to know you. But the best publicity is the kind which is printed for its own sake—that is: because it is news.

Now, the fact that the Girl Scouts are having a campaign to raise funds for a new National Headquarters, is really news. Along with a photograph of the Chairman of your local committee should be a short article or "story" announcing the fact that the Girl Scouts are to have a Campaign, and telling them what it is for. This story you should take to the City Editor. He is the man who handles all the local news, and would be willing to print such an announcement—and very likely use the photograph with it—at least a week before the campaign opens.

Again, if you are dealing with a large newspaper you may also take a photograph of a well-known woman member of the local council to the editor who handles the news of the social doings of the community. The Society Editor—as he or she is called—will be very glad indeed to print the picture with the news under it.

With the first photograph, the story should be in the form of an interview. The story which goes to the Society Editor, however, should be merely a paragraph which

By GRACE
PHELPS



says that "Miss — or Mrs. — So and So, is taking a leading part in the Girl Scout campaign which opens November 10th."

By this time you will have discovered that there are many editors of a newspaper, instead of just one, except in a small town paper. And your job is to find out what news or activities there are, or can be, among the Girl Scouts that will interest the various editors.

For instance: you may have a Field Day. The Sport Editor would be interested in that.

Or your Local Council may give an entertainment of some sort to raise part of the funds. That would interest your Society Editor. Or your Regional Director may come to town and make a speech. That would interest the City Editor and the Club Editor. Then there is the Editorial writer. You can make a short visit to him and tell him what the campaign is for, and ask him to write an editorial supporting the movement.

By the time you read this, your Local Council and Director will have worked out a plan of activities for the campaign, and these activities mean news. Suppose, for instance, that your local council decides to have a Girl Scout pageant. Several days before the pageant, a short notice, announcing the fact together with the date, the meeting place, the number of Girl Scouts expected to be present, and the name of the person to be in charge of the pageant, should be sent to the City Editor.

Better still, take it to him personally—if he will see you!—in order to make sure that he will send a representative, called a reporter, to attend or cover the meeting. Then your job is to look out for this reporter, and see that he gets a good place to view the proceedings, and is given a program of the evening, with the names of the participants, in the various events.

If the newspaper does not send a reporter to cover the event you can act as reporter yourself, and write out a short account of what happened. *This must be written the same day that the event takes place, and a copy of the story taken to the office of the City Editor, before the paper goes to press, or, as a reporter would say, before the paper is put to bed!*

If the City Editor thinks there will be an opportunity for "action" photographs, he will send a photographer. He would not, for instance, photograph a Fire Chief *talking* to the Girl Scouts, but he would take a photograph of a fireman *showing* a Girl Scout how to jump into a net.

I have used this as an illustration to give you an idea of the kind of activities which is considered news by the editor. There are many activities which can be staged during campaign week, but whatever they are, these few hints will show you how best to get the publicity.

Whatever you do, remember these four things:

1. Notify the City Editor several days in advance of what is going to happen.
2. If you write the story of the event yourself, remember that the first paragraph of a good newspaper story should answer three questions: what, when and where?
3. A photograph showing action is printed, where a photograph that is posed is thrown into the waste basket.
4. Your reporter is your best friend. Be sure to treat him with every courtesy, and have all the information ready for him.



Mystery stories were voted most popular by your ballots

Our What-I-Wish Contest

is won by Hazel O'Neal, age 15, Troop 5, Baltimore, Maryland, with New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey the highest Honor States



News about other troops was voted the most popular Scout page

HAZEL O'NEAL of Troop 5, Baltimore, Maryland, has won our annual What-I-Wish-in-My-Magazine Contest. Of the many letters which were received from all parts of the United States and after long consideration, the judges consider Hazel's best for several reasons. Although shorter than some letters, it contains an unusual number of new suggestions showing that she had carefully examined past issues of the magazine in order to write her contest letter. Hazel has the true spirit of Scouting, interested in her own troop and Girl Scout work but feeling part of Scouting everywhere. She knows how to use *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, consulting it for help together with her Scout friends.

But there were many splendid letters besides Hazel's. Many of them were signed "Your Assistant Editor," which greatly pleased every one in the office of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and especially the Editor, Helen Ferris, who says she is certain the magazine will be better than ever, now, with so many helpers.

In fact, so excellent were the best letters that it has been decided to make four other awards and to announce an Honorable Mention list. Four books of special interest to Girl Scouts have been awarded to:

2nd place: Mary E. Graves, age 13, Troop 1, Mount Airy, N. C.

3rd place: Dorothy Ferguson, age 16, Troop 2, Webster Grove, Mo.

4th place: Jane Margaret Hart, age 13, Troop 41, Newark, N. J.

5th place: Dorothy Desbrow Adams, age 16, Troop 3, Norwalk, Conn.

Honorable mention is made to Gertrude J. Brown, Troop 1, Merrimack, N. H.; Betty Brown, Troop 17, East Orange, N. J.; Stella F. Brown, Troop 1, Belspring, Va.; Helen C. Beane, Troop 10, Boston, Mass.; Mary Ruth Chiles, Troop Okamo 12, Knoxville, Tenn.; Marjorie Christiansen, Troop 2, San Francisco, Cal.; Lillian Crutch, Troop 42, Cleveland, O.; Ethel DeMille, Troop 3, Newton Center, Mass.; Ethel M. Dentzer, Troop 96, Philadelphia, Pa.; Catherine Dawley, Troop 56, Fayetteville, N. Y.; Harriet Fritz, Troop 13, Topeka, Kans.; Dorothea Huber, Troop 23, Sioux City, Ia.; Margaret Kalnen, Troop 8, Castle Hayne, N. C.; Margaret Searle Knapp, Troop 2, West Medford, Mass.; Evelyn M. Knox, Troop 10, Woodhaven, N. Y.; Dorothy H. Lawrence, Jonquil Troop 15, Montclair, N. J.; M. Jean McDonald, Lone Scout, Paris, France; Geraldine Ogden, Troop 1, West Upton, Mass.; Althea M. Partridge, Troop 2, Jamestown, N. Y.; Sylvia Rosenthal, Troop 38, St. Paul, Minn.; Martha L. Rutherford, Troop 38, Harrisburg, Pa.; Sallie Ruth Stanton, Troop 28, Scottish Rite Hospital, Decatur, Ga.; Shirley M. Walker, Troop 130, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Hazel's Letter

Dear Editor: I think *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is simply great and I am glad of this chance to tell you what I like about it.

I like the Scout news and pictures best of all because from them we get ideas for our own troop and they make us feel more that we are part of a great organization when we hear about Scouts in other places.

I think it would be nice to have a Letter Box Page in which the Scouts could send in ideas to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* or ask and have answered questions on Scouting that would interest every one.

I enjoy the Handicraft very much and would like to have some new ideas on basket weaving, wood-carving, tie-dyeing, and to have illustrated some good crocheting designs.

I enjoy nearly all the stories in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* but most of all the stories written by the Scouts themselves. I think it would be a good idea to publish at least one story a month written by a Scout even though it is not as good as if it was written by a more experienced writer. Camping stories are my favorites.

I like to see articles on Scouting because I think when the girls show them to their parents and friends it interests them in Scouting.

At our camp, when our tent had an entertainment, we often wished that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* gave us more help in stunts for camp-fire. We wanted something short, funny, campy, or Scout-like and not plays that took rehearsing. Don't you think it would be nice for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to have a contest to see which Scout could send in the best idea for an original stunt, and for *THE AMERICAN GIRL* to publish one or two of the good ones each month?

I hope you have found something of interest to you in my letter that will help solve your problems. Thank you!

Yours sincerely,

Hazel O'Neal.

The state from which the greatest number of letters received was New York, with Massachusetts in second place, and New Jersey in third. Connecticut and Virginia tie for fourth place; Ohio is in fifth place; and Kansas, Minnesota and Pennsylvania tie for sixth place. Paris, France, has a Lone Scout who wrote us.

What the Girl Scouts enjoy

You can readily guess what was elected for first place by the ballots which came with every letter. Stories! What kind? Mystery stories. Yes, mystery stories stand at the top of the list as the kind which are most interesting to most girls, but Boarding School stories follows as a close second. Third is News about other troops. Every letter told how much Girl Scouts enjoy reading news about what other troops are doing.

(Continued on page 40)



Hazel O'Neal, who wrote the winning letter

A Party Dress for a Princess

Beanie was giving a Thanksgiving house party and her college brother was bringing his roommate to it. Bobs, reading her own invitation, smiled for joy—then remembered. How could she go without a party dress?

By CAMILLE DAVIED

B OBS walked slowly up the long hill. She stopped automatically at the bend in the road where she and Father always stopped to look out over the valley, but today she did not see anything. She stopped again at the foot of the avenue of elms leading up to the old white clapboarded house that was home, as they did every evening because they were still thrilled at the thought that it was really theirs. But she wasn't thinking about that either.

She was trying to realize that she couldn't go to Beanie's for Thanksgiving, after all. She took Beanie's letter out of her pocket and read it again. It was a long letter full of plans for the holiday. Mollie was coming, too, and Beanie's cousin Frank, and Beanie's brother, Jim, and his roommate from college.

There were to be charades and stunts after the Thanksgiving dinner, and on Friday night a party. "It's the first real party I've ever had," Beanie had written, "and Mother is getting me a new party dress. You'll love it—pale pink chiffon with little rosebuds."

A real party dress—that was the difficulty. Bobs had received the letter at lunch time. Mother had been away, and after she had eaten the sandwiches and custard Mother had left for her, she had run upstairs to look at the little white crêpe de chine dress she used to wear two years ago, before they moved to Maryville. But it was much too short. She had grown so much last year that nothing fitted, and it had been necessary to buy all her winter clothes new. Her coat had been expensive too; but Mother said a camel's hair coat would last a long time. After they bought it, though there was just enough left for Bobs' railroad fare. Certainly there was no money for a party dress.

It didn't seem possible that you could want a thing so badly and not get it. Ever since Beanie's letter in September inviting her, Bobs had thought of hardly anything else. She had gone to sleep planning her visit and had waked up mornings with the warm happy feeling of something delightful going to happen.

And she had wanted so much to meet Beanie's new mother and brother, and to talk over with Beanie and Mollie the good times they had had together in camp last summer.

Then Mother's frightened face at the window and Mother's frightened voice at the door made her realize that she had been standing in front of the house for a long time.

"Bobs, has something happened to Father?"

"No, what could have?"

"Then, where is he?"

"Oh, I'm sorry. I was thinking of something else and I forgot to call for him. I'll go right back and get him." And she started back down the hill, with Mother's relieved voice calling after her, "Oh, Roberta, don't you get it too!"

Of course, she wouldn't get it. A pretty pass the family

would come to if she did get Mother's and Father's absent-mindedness. Goodness knows anything might happen to them both without her to look after them. And before she knew it Mother's fright had communicated itself to her—what if something had happened to Father?

She fairly flew across the college campus and up the steps of the Economics Building to Father's office. But he was quite safe and hadn't even realized that it was late.

"Why it's the princess herself in a new cloak of royal ermine." Father swung her to the top of his big desk to wait while he put on his coat and hat.

It was an old, old joke of theirs about the princess. They had played it ever since Roberta had been a tiny girl who sat primly in her little chair while Father was sometimes the court jester doing antics on the floor, sometimes the old retainer to whom she brought a magic flower, sometimes the gallant knight who rescued the princess from the dragon.

"I'm glad the royal father approves of the new coat," she answered with dignity as becomes a princess, although the mention of the coat made her think again of the party dress. If only she could earn some money herself. But there was nothing in the town except the college, and, although she sometimes helped in the secretary's office during registration week, there was no work for her there now. Besides it was only two weeks until Thanksgiving.

But Father was in such good spirits it was impossible to think much about it. He was a wonderful father, she thought, her hand in his pocket as they came up the hill under the bare November trees. Mother ran down the walk to meet them, and the three of them went in together. They had such good times together that perhaps nothing else mattered much, after all.

People had thought Professor Chadburn was burying himself when he came to teach at this "fresh-water" college, as they called it. But he wanted time to write his book, and economists from the big universities soon found the way to him, just as his students learned the way up the long hill for evenings of discussion with "the professor" and tea with the lovely "Mrs. Professor." So while Father wrote and taught and Mother modeled her lovely little figures in clay, Roberta went to the village



This is the way Bobs' party dress was made

school and kept the budget book for the family. The budget book had come into being when they bought the house and it was necessary to plan carefully to meet the payments and interest and taxes.

So Father, being an economist, made up the budget. There was so much for food and so much for books and so much for clothes and so much for amusements—everything in its own little column. And Roberta, as the only member of the family who was good at figures, kept it.

"It seems like I can't go to Beanie's after all," Bobs said when she had read her letter aloud after dinner. "I'd have to go to the party if I went and I couldn't go without a party dress, and the dress I used to wear is miles too short. Do you realize, professor, that I haven't been to a party for two years, and that I've grown a lot in that time, and that growing up is a very serious matter?"

"It is indeed," Father agreed, and it was apparent that he really thought so, because he didn't smile, but looked gravely into the fire.

After Bobs went to bed he went over and stood by Mother's chair. "Do you know, Josephine," he said looking down at her, "it occurs to me that we should give some thought to this business of being parents? Do you realize that our royal daughter is growing up, and that she hasn't been to a party in two years?"

"I know. We enjoy each other so much we are likely to forget that Bobs needs friends of her own." But the sensible Bobs would have been out of patience with them indeed if she could have seen them giggling as they went up to bed an hour later.

In the morning Father was busy with the long distance telephone when Bobs left for school, and at lunch he said he would have to go to a neighboring university for some work on Friday. He came home Saturday afternoon, carrying a long flat parcel. "Books," Bobs thought but when Mother put it away mysteriously she knew something exciting was going to happen right away.

And when she found a white square envelope at her plate at dinner tied with a royal purple ribbon and sealed with a great splotch of gold sealing wax, she knew it was something important indeed. Inside was another envelope with "A party dress for the princess," written across it. And inside that were new crisp ten dollar bills—more than enough for a party dress.

"But the budget, Father?" Bobs questioned when she could remember to be practical again.

"Oh, budgets are all right for practical people," Father teased, "but when a princess must have a party dress, a mere father becomes a magician—and waves a wand."

But Mother explained that the economics club of a nearby university had been asking Father to address them at their Friday meetings and Father had been able to make the engagement for last night.

After supper they opened the parcel, which wasn't books at all, but fashion magazines. And Mother answered the cordial little note she had received from Mrs. Parker, Beanie's

mother, and said that Bobs would arrive on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Then they spent the whole evening planning clothes for the visit.

Her best dress of dull blue georgette crepe that she wore when mother had people to tea would be all right for dinner. And her new blue serge dress with mother's Roman striped scarf and her own new coat would be nice to travel in. She could wear with it the small black felt hat that fitted snugly over her short black curls and had a little ornament of blue grosgraine ribbon that matched her eyes. And there was the plaid pleated skirt from last winter and her big sweater for country walks and skating.

Then the party dress! Mother had ordered samples of materials from the city and Bobs sat on the floor surrounded by the magazines, the samples spread out on Mother's lap.

There was one black velvet frock with a short empire waist and a fichue of real lace tied in front with a bunch of little old fashioned flowers. It would have been charming on a slim little person. Mother liked it very much, but they agreed it was more suitable for a younger person than for fifteen-year-old Bobs.

Then both fell in love with a little bouffant dress of long waist and short cap sleeves. Mother could see it in blue-green or appleblossom taffeta moire, the bands around the skirt of narrow silver lace set on in ruffles, or of silver lace or chiffon inserted. Bobs was so pleased with this idea that she did not want to look further, but mother could think of a dozen different combinations of material and colors. Taffeta moire in white with a drop shoulder bertha of silver lace, the same silver lace over double layers of white chiffon making the bottom of the skirt, beginning about where the top line of ruffling showed in the illustration.

There were some lovely samples of metal cloth, too, in delicate shades, very soft but with a high luster. Bobs loved them, and mother imagined such a dress with narrow bands of tiny, flat French flowers of blending shades of the same material. That would be much more expensive, however, and the colors of the flowers would have to be artistically chosen and blended. "Or it could even be of black velvet with the drop shoulder yoke of real or silver lace, as we thought about for the white moire," mother said, "but I think one should be nearly grown-up for that."

All in all Bobs liked the pink or the blue-green moire best. "But Beanie's dress is pink," she mused, holding the other sample up to the firelight, "and I do love this. It will look like sea water with little ruffles of silvery foam."

Mother said that black patent leather slippers were suitable for parties, or dull kid slippers with straps or colonial buckles. But because Bobs dress was so light in color they decided on white kid slippers and white silk stockings. So with the order for the material for the dress was included an order for slippers and stockings.

"A party dress for a princess," Bobs said softly to herself when it was finally finished and she stood admiring it before the looking glass and trying the effect of a silver ribbon through her black curls. Mother thought that party dresses were always "princess dresses."

"The story book princesses were all lovely and gracious and generous," she had said. "And inside every girl is a princess, too. But this is a hurrying
(Continued on page 46)



The Girl Scout Dressmaker can "graduate" to making her own party dress

Listen!

The Pied Piper is Calling You!

Why not have a Bookland Ball, like Baltimore's during Children's Book Week, November 9—15?

DID you ever dream that your favorite hero or heroine had stepped right out of a book and come to life? That is what happened at the Bookland Ball in Baltimore last year, when one hundred and fifty boys and girls in Bookland costumes stepped out, one by one, from the pages of a great book. Peter Rabbit was there, Raggedy Ann, Dr. Dolittle, The Princes in the Tower, and by no means the least attractive two Scouts who represented *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

Our Bookland Ball was given by the Baltimore Council of Girl Scouts as a benefit for their work. The idea originated with Miss Mary B. Steuart, director of the Children's Bookshop of Baltimore. The Bookshop staff also conducted the program of the Ball, and was largely responsible for its success.

You will be able to use the Bookland idea in any number of ways during Children's Book Week, November 9-15. It is splendid for a costume party with books awarded for the best costumes just as they were in Baltimore. You may have a Bookland number on your entertainment program. In any case, the Magic Book described on the opposite page will help you construct your book.

In Baltimore, the Pied Piper sent out the invitations. His picture appeared at the top of each one and, "Listen! The Pied Piper is calling you!" The invitation went on to say that this was to be an afternoon ball, with magic tickets costing two dollars apiece required of every guest. These invitations were sent to boys and girls from six years of age upward and to the grown-ups of their families, too. The boys and girls were asked to come dressed as their favorite book characters.

You never saw such attractive costumes! Goldilocks was there in a Kate Greenaway dress with three bears almost as large as herself. And Robin Hood came, too, with some of his merry men. The floor was gay with gorgeous costumes when the Pied Piper danced in with his flute, followed by twelve Scribes in different colored blouses and caps with quills stuck through them. These Scribes started the program merrily with a skipping game or two. Then there was social dancing for everybody.

In the middle of the program came the Opening of the Book. There was a large book, ten feet high, in the ball-room. This book was painted a soft shade of green with the title, "Fairy Tales and Lovely Things" in gold lettering. On either side of it were palms and ferns. A man dressed as an eastern Story Teller opened the book, out of which came the children one by one, dressed as the various book characters. Each was introduced with a most



Gay Little Peter Rabbit

entertaining description of where the characters came from and what he was like. This was entirely spontaneous and delightful to both children and grown-ups.

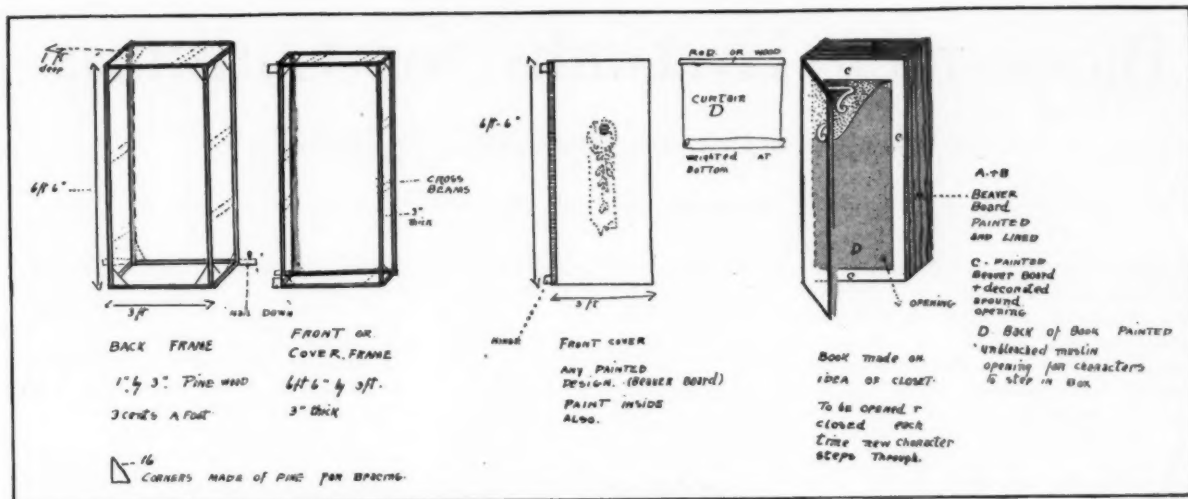
The *Song Book* was represented by a pupil from the Peabody Conservatory of Music who sang Mother Goose Songs. A group of students of the drama gave a scene from *The Tempest*. This was followed by refreshments, after which The Old Woman from Kensington Gardens came in with her balloons and presented one to each child-guest making the room gay with bright colors.

The judges had a most difficult time deciding which costumes were the best, but four beautiful books were at last presented to the winners, with Dr. Dolittle in his tall silk hat heading the list. During the party there were many other attractions. An old-fashioned girl in a poke bonnet and hoop skirt went about the room, the center of much interest because her skirt was a regular treasure trove. She had dozens of pockets from which one might take a treasure for a dime! In each magic pocket was a toy wrapped in brightly colored tissue paper, pink for girls and green for boys. There were also booths in the hall, the special Girl Scout booth having a camp-fire and a miniature model of Camp Bradley, built by the Baltimore Girl Scouts. Nearby was a Christmas booth with sample copies of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and a poster announcing that the Scout magazine makes the best kind of Christmas present and that subscriptions would be taken on the spot!

Along side was a toy booth where fascinating Christmas gifts were purchased. And Girl Scout Cookies, of course! There was a table for them, in their Girl Scout bags, as well as for cakes and fudge. This table cleared over \$31. Altogether, the Baltimore Girl Scout Council cleared over four hundred dollars for the Girl Scout Fund.

Those of us who worked on the Bookland Ball Committee know that its success was due to the fact that everyone helped. The Children's Bookshop was more than generous. They made the plans and conducted the program. The Scribes who led the games were trained play leaders from the Shop. And wherever we turned for cooperation, it was gladly given. This plan is especially good for Children's Book Week which comes this November.

THE AMERICAN GIRL is indebted to Miss Helen Hamilton Carey and Miss Bertha Howell, formerly Local Director of Baltimore, for this description of their successful Bookland Ball. This charming party idea can be used for a small party as well as a large one.



Make This Magic Book

*For your Bookland Ball or Girl Scout Entertainment.
Handywoman, Craftsman, and Artist can follow these simple directions*

By MADGE WILLIAMS
Designs by Aurelie Asten

THIS is a Magic Book out of which may step the book characters at your Bookland Ball or which may be a Girl Scout Handbook out of which appear Merit Badge girls, Golden Eaglets, or whatever kind of Scout you wish. You may also make it represent THE AMERICAN GIRL, with our very own stories and pictures of Girl Scouts stepping from it. If you dramatize one of our stories, you could start the program with a delightful "Grand March" out from the magazine.

The size indicated in the diagrams makes a book large enough so that any girl may come from it without stooping. Perhaps you will not wish to make it so large. If so, cut down the dimensions to suit.

Girl Scout Handywomen will have great fun studying the diagram and carefully following the directions in making the frame. Any carpenter will be glad to advise you. The Magic Book may be made from beaver board which any lumber company sells. It comes in sheets 4 by 8 feet and its price varies from \$1.85 to \$2.15 per sheet. Talk with your local lumber company about other kinds of board which you may use. If you wish, you may try corrugated paper which is very cheap. If you use it, be very careful not to punch holes through it, as it is much more fragile.

The diagrams will be clear to you when you think of your own closet. The cover opens on hinges just as does your closet door. There is space enough inside the Magic Book for a girl to stand. The curtain in Figure 4 hangs at the back of the Book. Girls enter the Magic Book when the cover is *shut*, by pushing the curtain to one side. Then let it fall and take your position before the cover is opened. When the cover is opened, the audience sees you in your posed position, ready to step from the Book.

Girl Scout artists will enjoy painting the design for the cover and also the side of the beaver board, so that the latter will represent the pages of a book. If you are giving a Bookland Ball, the Magic Book's cover design may be any story-book design you wish or the one suggested on the opposite page. Can't you see the gay figure of Mother Goose—with her goose—and all her loved familiar children trooping through our back cover? There are enough favorite characters to go round a whole troop, no matter how big. Little Tom Tucker, Jack Horner, Bo-Peep, Jack and Jill, Humpty Dumpty, the Old Woman who lived in a shoe, Miss Muffett. Still they come a long line of them. Or try Alice-in-Wonderland with the Duchess, the Mad Hatter, and, of course, the White Rabbit you see on the opposite page. If a Girl Scout Handbook, you may copy the cover of our handbook or originate any Scouty design. Remember, however, that the audience will more clearly see a simple design.

When you select your paint, talk with a paint dealer about the most effective and inexpensive kinds and colors. If you can secure the cooperation of an artist or sign-painter to help you in painting the Magic Book, by all means do so.

If you paint your cover yourself, do not begin immediately upon your beaver board. Make a small sketch first, drawn to scale; that is, an exact reduction of your cover dimensions. Make this a color sketch by coloring with crayon in the shades which you wish to use. Experiment with crayons to get just the right effect until you are satisfied with your color scheme. Working from this design, make an outline sketch of your drawing, upon your beaver board. Then go ahead with your painting, following your color sketch in applying the color.



Blossoming Hyacinths for Christmas

By BERTHA CHAPMAN CADY, our Girl Scout Naturalist

Illustration by Fanny Warren

FROM October to January, every home may be made more attractive with bowls and pots of blooming lilies. So why should not the Girl Scouts be the ones, the be-prepared ones, to add this touch of beauty to their own homes as well as to the homes of their friends?

When you have seen an especially brilliant display of lilies grown from bulbs in a florist's window, you have often wished you might grow some, too. But you have usually ended with the wishing, for growing the bulbs has seemed so difficult. Truly, however, it is well within the reach of any Scout. And here is the story of what my two daughters, Girl Scouts now, did with bulb raising.

Christmas has always been a time of thrilling preparation to us. Each year has presented a new problem with the question, "What are to be the features of this Christmas?" This particular year, the girls wished to do something different. It was the arrival of a catalogue from a friendly florist which finally settled the question. This would be a Christmas bright with flowers we ourselves had raised!

Has your family never gathered together over the ravishing pages of a flower catalogue?

We had flowers of every season on our list, those which would only grow in the open and those bound to the hot-house! Yet who minded this while in the frenzy of our rainbow dream?

Then came the sober-minded time for real planning and here is the part that will guide you in your own work. It was to be a *bulb* Christmas and the bulbs to be raised were to be the easiest varieties for we were novices and must therefore begin at the first step.

This meant, of course, that we chose paper-white narcissi, the Chinese sacred lily, Roman hyacinths and, just because we could not help it, a few Dutch hyacinths of carefully chosen named varieties.

This settled, we next planned for the pots and bowls which were to hold our treasures. We made up a careful "memory list" of the friends whom we wished to have share our happiness in the flowers, as well as a goodly supply for our own little home. So when we started out to buy the pots and bowls, we knew exactly how many we needed.

Many a jolly discovery we made on our trips to the village. The ten-cent stores, the hardware and crockery shops, even the second-hand dealer yielded treasures of the



This is a Roman hyacinth, the beginner's delight. Mrs. Cady tells you how to decorate the shallow, earthen pot

Things to Remember

In growing Christmas bulbs

1. Select easily-grown bulbs—Narcissi, Roman Hyacinths
2. Buy your bulbs as early in the season as possible
3. Keep bulbs in a cool place until planted
4. Plant in shallow bowls of water or in soil
5. Keep 6-8 weeks in dark, cool cellar or buried under ground in trench in garden
6. Bring gradually into sunlight

less surface, a few small bits of charcoal were added to the pebbles to keep the water fresh so that it need not be changed. Water should be added, however, to replace the loss by evaporation.

When all the narcissi had been planted, they were carried to a cool dark corner in the cellar. This is important as the leaves must be kept from starting by the dark and it must be cool so that the roots will get a good growth before the top of the plant begins to develop.

In planting the Dutch hyacinths in the "hyacinth glasses" remember that they require a longer time to bloom than

simplest, yet artistic kind. We also found that the ordinary yellow earthen pots, the kind every one uses for plants, were just the thing to paint.

The pot in the picture on this page is this earthen kind and was copied from some painted by a girl for a Bulb Bazaar.

The background was a bluish-green, a little darker than the leaves of the plants, which were already grown and flowering for the bazaar. The dots were of different colors, put on thickly so that they were quite raised. Mattini tempera water colors were very satisfactory. I have given you this design because this girl's pots of blossoming flowers sold more quickly than any others at this bazaar. For our Dutch hyacinths, we bought the attractive "hyacinth glasses." The slender white roots of these bulbs grow down through the clear water and are quite as lovely as the blossoms.

After our pots and bowls were ready, the bulbs were purchased. This is always an important step for failure often brings discouragement to the beginner who selects bulbs which have been too long exposed to the hot, dry air of the department store. Bulbs should be firm and of good size for soft, spongy bulbs either rot away in the bowl or fail to produce any flowers. Especial care should be taken in selecting the Chinese bulbs as they are much larger, cost more, and deteriorate rapidly in dry air.

Both the paper-white and Chinese sacred narcissi are early bloomers, yet by successive plantings at weekly intervals, they may be carried through the entire winter. The shallow bowls were to be the narcissi homes, with prettily colored pebbles packed about each bulb to hold it in its place. The water was added until it came barely above the base of the bulbs. Too much water rots or drowns the bulbs.

In our larger, deeper bowls, offering less surface, a few small bits of charcoal were added to the pebbles to keep the water fresh so that it need not be changed. Water should be added, however, to replace the loss by evaporation.

When all the narcissi had been planted, they were carried to a cool dark corner in the cellar. This is important as the leaves must be kept from starting by the dark and it must be cool so that the roots will get a good growth before the top of the plant begins to develop.

In planting the Dutch hyacinths in the "hyacinth glasses" remember that they require a longer time to bloom than

(Continued on page 36)

Girl Scout News

Broadcast through our Scribes' Corner

Our National Headquarters Campaign

November 10—December 10

EVERY Girl Scout has heard of our new National Headquarters. Many of you had a share in buying your Troop Bricks. You know, too, that our older friends are now being given an opportunity to help by themselves buying ten dollar bricks. The date for our National Campaign for our building and budget fund has been set for November 10—December 10. This is the time when Girl Scouts may be of special use to their Captains and Commissioners. During the first week of the Campaign, we hope to have store window exhibits of Girl Scout work in as many store windows as possible. Page 29 has suggestions for these store window exhibits.

An "American Girl" patrol Buffalo, New York

Scouts in our Buffalo camp had an AMERICAN GIRL patrol this summer. You will see them in the picture on this page. Do you wonder that such a jolly crowd of girls were able to write the following clever song? Tune: Old King Cole.

THE AMERICAN GIRL is a jolly pal, a
jolly pal is she.
She gives good news and she gives good
fun,
And wonderful help she'll be.
First you'll find some tale mysterious,
Then you'll find some news more serious,
Great variety,
For no book is there which can compare
With our Scout magazine.

Chop, chop, chop, chop, chop says the
woodsman,
Stir, stir, stir, stir, stir says the cook,
Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub says the laun-
dress,
Splash, splash, splash, splash, splash says
the swimmer,
Toot, toot, toot, toot, toot says the bugler,
Write, write, write, write, write says the
scribe,
Work, work, work, work, work says the schol-
ar,
Happy Scouts are we,
For no book is there which
can compare
With our Scout magazine.

Girl Scout Sunday November 16th

November 16th has been set as Girl Scout Sunday. Every Girl Scout knows what that means. It is the day when Girl Scout troops attend church together in uniform. It is the day when they render some special

service to their church, acting as the choir or the ushers or having some other part in the day's worship. Ministers will gladly cooperate in helping with Girl Scout Sunday.

A Dedication Ceremony see page 11

The Dedication Ceremony for our new Headquarters, on page 11, may be given in special honor of Mrs. Low's birthday, October 31st. Or it may be presented during the month of November when you wish to have a program for your parents and older friends. Miss Anna Hempstead Branch who wrote this beautiful ceremony is one of America's loveliest poets. She conceived the idea of giving every troop a share in the dedication of our new Headquarters.

Citizenship service during November

November will be a month when Girl Scouts may render service in many ways. At election time, many a busy mother will be pleased to have her Girl Scout daughter care for baby sister or brother in order that she may go to the polls. Our Field Committee urges that every Girl Scout Captain vote in the coming election.

The League of Women Voters helps Birmingham, Alabama

In Birmingham, the County League of Women Voters acts as our Court of Awards Examiners for the Citizenship Badges. The League also furnishes the Birmingham troops with interesting speakers who attend the troop meetings and assist in the Citizenship Badge work. In October, the Scouts who have won this badge had charge of one entire meeting of the League. Ask your Captain whether your troop cannot cooperate with them at voting time, distributing literature or otherwise helping them.

The World Camp in England

Our Founder, Mrs. Juliette Low, has written a most interesting account of the Foxlease World Camp held in England last summer and attended by eleven hundred Girl Guides and Scouts including representatives of the United States. We shall publish pictures and stories of this camp in our International issue. Meanwhile, your Captain will find Mrs. Low's account in *The Leader*. Ask her to read it to you at troop meeting.

Buddies again Portland, Oregon

More fun, again—this time in Portland with the Camp Fire Girls, the Girl Reserves and the Girl Scouts all joining in Girls' Day. It was an all-day picnic where every one enjoyed baseball, field sports and an aquatic meet.

A Thanksgiving service Atlanta, Georgia

Girl Scouts in Atlanta have had "Tinfoil" hikes, collecting tinfoil to sell, with the money donated as a Thanksgiving gift for the little children who needed milk. The United States Tinfoil Company, Louisville, Kentucky, will send you information concerning this plan. Ascertain from them the amount of tinfoil which you should collect before you ship any. A "Tinfoil Day" for our National Campaign is a suggestion sent us by Miss Corinne Chisholm, Regional Director in the South.

Try this Earn-Your-Own plan Aberdeen, Washington

Marion Bell, first class Scout in Aberdeen, Washington has proved that a Girl Scout is resourceful in the Earn-Your-Own Club. She says: "I called on the Manager of a Savings Loan Association and asked him if he would help me. He has decided to give a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL free to a limited number of girls who will start a Savings Account, and they should plan to save a certain amount each month. I am going to each troop in the city to explain the plan."

All the staff is helping at National Headquarters

The National Headquarters staff is raising \$1,000 for the new building by dyeing and selling scarfs, baking and selling small cakes, and selling candy. Already over \$300 has been turned into the funds with Mrs. Rippin voted the "dye specialist."



The "American Girl" patrol in our Buffalo camp



ABOVE: Every one will admit that Girl Scouts such as this Brooklyn, N. Y., girl who won first prize in a cake-baking contest, are an asset in any home!

A Girl Scout's Duty is to be Useful

In Many Ways Girl Scouts Are Carrying Out Their Duty



Girl Scouts are always ready to do whatever there is something to be done and wherever it is the ideal of the Girl Scout is the ideal of service. In our schools, our clubs, our communities, we try to use what is the Girl Scout's duty to be useful and have a good time.



ABOVE: Here you see Key West, Florida Scouts, with rake and pick and hoe, helping beautify their park—a bit of outdoor Community Service often undertaken by troops

LEFT: Girl Scouts extend their comradeship to handicapped girls, bringing happy moments to them. These girls in the Kentucky School for the blind, are busily making artistic Christmas gifts of various kinds

RIGHT: Yes, it's a Girl Scout poster contest in Sedalia, Mo. Read the slogans. Many are from the Scout Laws. The girls made these posters to help interest others, especially grown-ups, in Scouting. But such sport as they had too, with pencils and crayons and paint!



Useful and to Help Others Carrying Out This, Their Third Law

are citizens. Where-
is something which needs
which girls can do, there
deal the Girl Scouts to
ice. Our homes, our
chums, our communi-
ty to be useful. And—
the Girl Scout way—we
are doing it!

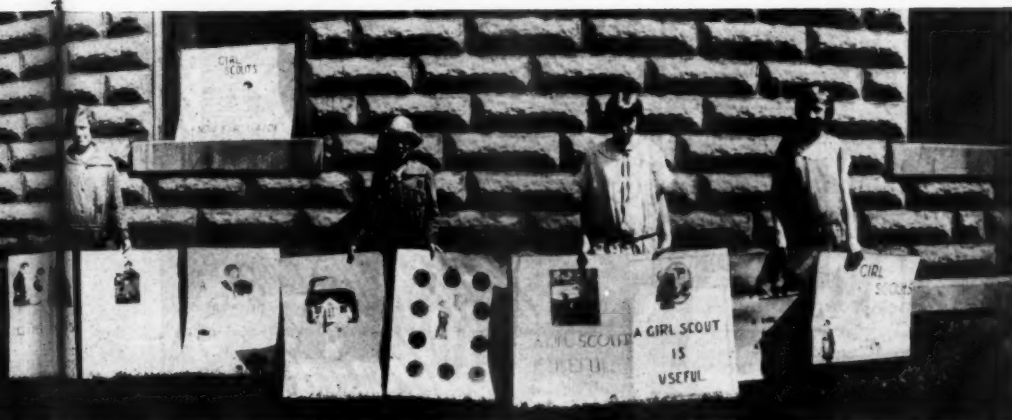


ABOVE: Girl Scouts who win the Junior Life Saving badge, as these girls of Binghamton, N. Y., have a real share in reducing the number of water accidents in our country

RIGHT: These little children in Carmel, Ill., are on their playground enjoying a merry play hour under the care of the Girl Scouts—a scene repeated in many communities, every week



ABOVE: Girl Scouts, who love the outdoors, try to protect the birds and the trees and the wild flowers of their communities for America, the Beautiful



LEFT: Try a poster contest this fall. You may have it within your troop or inter-troop with all your artists entering. Then you will have plenty of good posters for your window exhibits November 10-17 when you will place the best where he who runs may read

OUR PUZZLE-PACK

The Puzzle Picture Gallery

Puzzle Jack and Puzzled Jill have an interest in art and here they are visiting a picture gallery. They naturally find their way to the puzzle section to the three prize winners. The large picture has two words missing from the title and if you put in the right ones they will make the sentence complete as you read it around the loop.

The other two titles are anagrams. Change around the letters and make the names of two well known story-book characters. Some artist carelessly left his palette lying around, can you find it?

Jumbled Mother Goose

Rearrange the letters in these words and make a well known verse.

Stirmess army, tique troycran,
Who sode ruyo ragend wrog?
Thiw loceck leshsl, dna rivels sbel,
Dan bumconesli lal ni a wor.

Hike Conversation

"If I remember rightly, this is the place."

"Here is a road map, let's look it up."

"Shall we stop in every town?"

"Your shoes are unlaced, aren't they?"

The names of four trees are concealed in these sentences.

Puzzle Jack's Word Square

From the following definitions build a construction of four-letter word squares.

UPPER LEFT

Marine animal
Object of thought
Oceans
Minced meat

UPPER RIGHT

Garment
Imaginary Giant
Upper limbs
A trial

CENTER

Extreme warmth
Every one
A pain
At that time

LOWER LEFT

Author of poems
Musical instrument
Large spaces of time
Abb. of Theresa

LOWER RIGHT

African river
Worshipped image
A door fixture
Large deer

A Curtailed Word

Take a letter from a word used often in this magazine and leave a na-

tionality, behead the word again and have a resting place. Behead again and have a well known abbreviation. Take away half and leave an exclamation.

Flower Puzzle

By Clara Belle Holstein, age 12
New Britain, Conn.

By adding one letter to the beginning of each of the five following words, five new words will be formed and the five added letters will spell the name of a well known flower.

AN, SAGE, INK, RATE, AIR.

Answers to October Puzzles

THE SAILOR'S PUZZLE: Ship, shop, chop, coop, loop, loot, lost, post, Port. JILL'S SOLUTION: Ship, shop, shot, soot, sort, Port. The row boat is in the rocks by the sailor's right knee. BE-HEADED WORD: Sprint, print, pint, pin, in, I. FLOWER PUZZLE: V-alley, I-deal, O-live, L-ace, E-spy, T-hank, Violet. RIDDLE: On a merry-go-round. CHARADE: Newfoundland. PUZZLE JACK'S WORD SQUARE:

| | |
|-------|--------|
| HATS | LOBE |
| ACRE | OILY |
| TREE | BLUE |
| SEED | AMEYES |
| AGED | |
| METE | |
| RACED | NICE |
| ALOE | IDEA |
| COAL | CENT |
| EELS | EATS |



Have Girl Scout Window Exhibits: Nov. 10 to Dec. 10



Window exhibit used in Rochester, New York

Each Merit Badge Has Within It a Window Exhibit Idea

Read over the requirements for each Merit Badge. Select which ones will be best to emphasize in your town. Close your eyes. Imagine a picture representing the badge. A forceful picture is a good exhibit.

Good window exhibits are splendid Girl Scout publicity. Have as many as you can during the time of our campaign for the Girl Scout National Building and Budget Fund. Cooperate with as many merchants as you can. Plan window exhibits which will display the merchant's wares as well as give publicity to you. For the Grocery store, a Girl Scout marketing will help the grocer too. She may be a

doll dressed as Girl Scout or she may be a real girl. In the Sporting Goods store, a camp or winter sport or game scene will do the same. For the hardware store, show the Girl Scout as a gardener or using other hardware. The department store is unlimited in its possibilities. Make your plans now and you will be ready for a town-wide store window exhibit during our Campaign month—Nov. 10—Dec. 10.

What Makes a Good Window Exhibit

1. Have one central idea.
2. Carry out that idea as simply as possible.
3. Have one poster telling briefly what the idea is.
4. Have one Campaign poster.
5. Have wax figures or dolls dressed as Girl Scouts represented as *doing something*.
6. For certain hours, have girls doing something, if possible.

Girl Scouts Out-of-doors

A window exhibit may show the loveliness which our girls find outdoors.

For a bird window, have green denim background. Obtain branches (your Park Department will help you). Have the floor of the window represent the ground in the woods, with logs, grasses, stones, etc. Stand the branches against the denim. Wire in position.

On the branches, place stuffed birds, borrowed from your local or state Natural History museum. Place a girl or a large doll dressed as a Girl Scout looking at the birds.

Signs:

1
"How many of these birds can you name?
Does your daughter know them?"

2
"The Girl Scout movement broadens the life of girls."

Girl Scouts are alert to the call of the great outdoors and to the beauty of every-day life.

Clever Dressmakers

In the Boston State Review, a series of automobile trucks displayed picturesque exhibits.

The dressmaking idea shown there may be used in Window Exhibits and your entertainment program, as well. Real girls are needed however.

Have a simple one-piece dress of brilliant hue, of which the seams are stitched. This is on a Scout who stands on a box while the other girls turn the hem, make and try on the sleeves, fit the collar, put on pockets, etc., so that the dress is apparently finished in a few minutes.

Connect Your Exhibits With What You Sell

1. If you are having a sale of articles, show those articles being made.
2. Display plenty of the completed articles to see on the spot.
3. Have a poster announcing that the articles are for sale.
4. For example:
Campaign Dyed Scarfs: dye them in the window.
Girl Scout cookies: bake them.

You give a good instance of home-making and handicraft, at the same time. The Utility Sale idea of selling aprons, dusters, holders, etc., could be presented in a Kitchen Scene with Scouts actually using the various articles.

Think what you wish to do for the benefit of the Campaign.

Then plan a Window Exhibit around your idea.

A Novel Idea

Copy the poster

The Girl Scout poster may be copied in a window.

Have your background of yellow, the color of the poster's background.

Upon this background paste or sew the lettering of the poster.

Stand a wax figure in Girl Scout uniform to correspond with girl in poster.

Scouting By the Week

Shown with posters and dolls

If you have never used our posters, "Monday's Scout is at the tub," etc., you should know that a very effective window exhibit may be made around these verses. Dress dolls as Girl Scouts. Under each poster, have them engaged in the corresponding activity.

Posters may be obtained from the National Supply Department.

Home-making

All phases of Home-making may be delightfully represented. Don't forget the beauty of the home as well as its practical side. The photograph above shows Girl Scouts as Home-makers. They are cleaning the ice-box and the stove, ironing and preserving. Two signs were used for this window:

"To have good citizens, we must have good Home-makers"

"Girl Scouts today are good Home-makers tomorrow"

Gardening

A Gardening scene may be very picturesque. Perhaps, this Fall, a Yardraking scene would be appropriate, with beautifully colored leaves.

An effective garden scene is one in which real loam gardens are used, with girls weeding, and transplanting flowers.

At their side, a chicken coop with a live hen and chickens will not fail to attract attention.

Signs:

"Gardeners bring beauty and food to us.
Girl Scouts are gardeners"

Feature Some Novel Idea

In your miniatures

A miniature camp scene never fails to attract interest.

The tents, the camp equipment, dolls dressed as Girl Scouts are great fun to make. Introduce some novel feature of which you tell in your signs.

Get various kinds of moss and as many kinds of ferns and plants as you can in your scene.

Tell one outstanding Nature fact about the country where your camp stands: as a rare bird seen last summer.

Dolls are effectively used for:

First Aid exhibits
Child Care
Laundering, etc.

Tubby Ward, Substitute

(Continued from page 6)

Tubby was—er—just a substitute. The principal difference between Tubby and the other two was that the other two took part in practice regularly and Tubby didn't. But Tubby didn't mind. He belonged at last!

Then, four days after Tubby's elevation to the team, came the game with High School. Tubby was fine that day. As a substitute he was simply soul-satisfying. To say that he adorned the bench doesn't begin to express it. Why, he was at least fifteen pounds heavier and four inches wider than any substitute High School could show! And he wasn't idle, either, just because he took no actual part in the battle. No, sir, Tubby was busy from the first moment. He cheered and yelled and swung stout arms excitedly about and was, doubtless, a great incentive to victory. And between the halves he was right there with the "dope". He told Captain Phil and Quarter-back Merrill what had been wrong and how to remedy it. And, sad to relate, the best he got in return was from Jim Merrill. Jim just said "For the love of Mike, Tubby, get out of my way and shut your trap!" Some fellows would have been so insulted they would have retired into themselves, as the expression is, and refused to labor further for the welfare of the team. But not so Tubby. Tubby just said: "All right, you big cheese!" and went and told his stuff to Pink Lawrence instead. Pink was too tired to protest effectively.

Clafin's lost that game, 23 to 6, and Tubby could have told why if he could have found any one to listen to him!

On Monday he faced Captain Phil. "Say, I guess I'd better do some practicing," he announced.

"Oh, that's all right," answered Phil carelessly. "Don't you bother. You're doing fine."

"But I'm not doing anything!"

"Well, you're a substitute," Phil explained. "Substitutes don't generally do much."

"Well, I've got a right to practice," said Tubby firmly, "and I'm going to."

Phil scowled, met Tubby's implacable gaze and shrugged, "All right," he said. "If you're bound to make a nuisance of yourself go ahead. Say, what are you supposed to be trying for, anyway?" Phil found consolation in sarcasm. "End?"

"Center," answered Tubby. He had observed that, of all the players, center was obliged to move about the least.

Phil grinned. "Center, eh? You'd make a swell center, kid! All right, though. Go ahead out and watch things. See if you can learn the signals first. I haven't got time to teach'em to you now, but maybe to night—"

"Huh I know them," said Tubby. Thereafter Tubby took part in practice daily. It wasn't a conspicuous part however. Once in a while he managed to get his hands on the ball, but he was

never encouraged to perform with it. Toots retained his health and the use of all his members and faculties, and so Tubby was not called on to step in at a moment's notice and play center rush. Tubby wasn't called on to do anything except get out of the way or, occasionally, chase the ball when it went out of bounds.

Clafin's played Center School and won, played Lansing High School and lost, and finally began her last week of preparation for the contest with her dearly hated rival, Naughton Day School. Somewhere between the Center game and the Lansing High game ambition came to Tubby. He found himself suddenly dissatisfied with the role of substitute and sighed for achievement. On the Monday after the Lansing game he sought Phil again.

"Say you've got to let me play," he declared doggedly. "You let Billy and Joe play Saturday and you haven't let me play once."

"Correct," agreed Phil amiably. "And what's more, I'm not going to."

"Why aren't you? I'm a member of the team, ain't I?"

"You're a substitute center, kid. When Toots gets killed maybe I'll let you take his place but so long as he's able to take nourishment your chance is mighty slim. You're a great little sub, Tubby, but it ends there."

"No, it don't either! I looked up 'substitute' in the dictionary yesterday and it said 'one who takes the place of another'. Well I'm a substitute, and I haven't taken any one's place yet, and there's only one more game, and—and I want to know when I'm going to be let play!"

Captain Phil grinned broadly. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Tubby. If Toots gets hurt or we get a safe lead on Naughton I'll let you play for a few minutes the end of the game. How's that?"

"But he won't," answered Tubby cheerlessly. "And we won't, either, I guess."

"Well, you never can tell," answered Phil jovially, and thumped Tubby between the shoulders so as to almost upset him.

Captain Phil had spoken truthfully. You never can tell beforehand what is going to happen about anything, and football least of all. Tubby attended practice every day and trotted around during signal drill and chased the ball and watched Toots for indications of approaching dissolution. But the worst thing that happened to the center was a strained thumb, and he survived it.

Saturday brought Naughton and Naughton's cheerers to Clafin's field. Saturday brought, too, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Marmaduke, Sr. and their athletic daughter, Julie.

"Humph!" observed Julie, with superiority. "Is this where you play?"

"It's a darn good field," replied Tubby.

"Are you in the game today, son?" asked Mr. Ward.

"Don't know just yet. I'm first substitute for center so I've got a good show."

And before a throng of fully eighty spectators Pink Norris kicked off.

While players and substitutes and spectators found that contest enthralling and thrilling from first to last, to you, kind reader, it would sound dull. So I will deal with it briefly, touching only on the high points. The first came in the second period when Naughton scored a touchdown on a long run from midfield and made her try-for-point. The second arrived shortly after the beginning of the third quarter when, following Clafin's really heroic journey over sixty yards, Captain Phil shot a forward-pass to Johnny Thompson and Johnny went across the Naughton goal-line with two of the defending horde clinging to his neck. Deep gloom enveloped Clafin's when Jim Merrill missed the bar by a scant two feet. There was no more scoring in that period, and the game went into the final quarter with the score still 7 to 6.

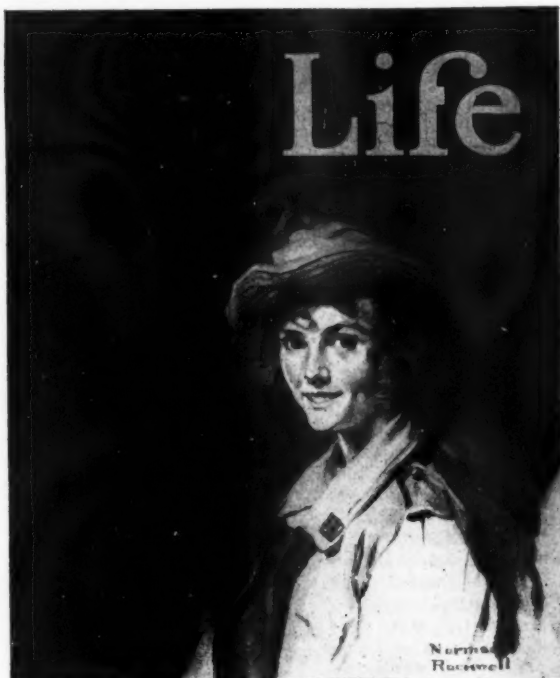
Naughton played for time, content to spare her weary force, satisfied with a one-point victory. Clafin's played hard but in the manner of a team who has already accepted defeat as its portion. Six of the last precious ten minutes faded. Then, with the beginning of the seventh, Naughton, still sparring for time, kicked short from her thirty yards and Jim Merrill pulled the ball out of the air near fifty and streaked through a scattered field to the enemy's twenty-nine. Two plunges netted a bare six yards. Then Fortune again favored the home eleven. The Clafin's full-back, faking a try-at-goal, skirted Naughton's end for twelve yards and a first down on the thirteen. Clafin's forgot then that she was a defeated team and pulled herself together. Stillman got two yards at center and—

Tubby suddenly sat up very straight and became tense and almost breathless. Toots was down! Toots was—well, perhaps not actually killed, but any one could tell from the way he kicked his feet around that he was all-in! Tubby flung aside the extra sweater and the blanket in which he had been enveloped and stood there, a figure of heroic build, ready for the summons.

Joe Maddox said: "Sit down, you dumb-bell!" But Tubby did not hear. He was watching anxiously, hopefully, fascinatedly the efforts of the entire Clafin's team to restore Toots to efficiency. Toots refused to be restored. Toots was done, finished, down-and-out, and he knew it. Supported, he was conducted to the bench. Captain Phil scowled from one to another of his three substitutes. Perhaps he found Tubby's wide-eyed gaze compelling.

(Continued on page 41)

Our motto—"Better every month"—renew now—don't miss an issue



The
Girl Scout's Number
of
Life

WILL BE OUT NOVEMBER 6th

THIS great event in the history of the Girl Scout movement will be hailed with joy by good Scouts everywhere. For LIFE, with its native humor and its human understanding, exercises a profound influence on the American home.

Watch for the Girl Scout Number: you can identify it by the Norman Rockwell cover, which is reproduced above.

If you want to have LIFE *every* week (and who does not?) fill out the little coupon and attach it to a dollar. It will bring LIFE to you for 10 weeks.

Be a Good Scout—

Obey That Impulse!

Included in the ten copies which you get for your dollar, will be the following special numbers:

Girl Scout
Football
Thanksgiving
Christmas (25c)
New Years
Automobile

**Special
Offer**

Enclosed find
One Dollar (Can-
adian \$1.20; Foreign
\$1.40). Send LIFE for
ten weeks to

A.G.

LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York
One Year, \$5.00 (Canadian, \$5.80; Foreign \$6.60)

Patronize our advertisers—they help us

Earn Your Christmas Money

The Girl Scout way in our Earn-Your-Own Club

How?

By securing subscriptions to this magazine.

Why?

Because you earn money on every subscription you secure.

Is this a good time?

Yes—because girls will want the magazine for Christmas and their mothers will give it to them.

What must you do now?

Fill in this coupon and send it to us.

235 active members now in the Earn-Your-Own Club.

Coupon

To Be Mailed

At Once

Earn-Your-Own Club

GIRLSCOUTS, Inc.
670 Lexington Ave.
New York City

I, too, wish to earn my own money in the way you describe. Please enroll me as a member of the Earn-Your-Own Club.

Name.....
Address.....

Laughing Last

(Continued from page 10)

"But I want to go a long way. I want to go on a train. I've never been anywhere!"

Trude looked at Isolde with troubled eyes.

But though Isolde was trying not to appear as though this unexpected development was pleasing to her, she simply could not suppress the thought that in permitting Sid to go lay their one chance of happy escape for the summer. After all, these Cape Cod relatives were first cousins of their mother's, their very own people.

Now Vick came unexpectedly to Sid's aid. "I think this is the luckiest thing that could have happened. We can all go away. And Sid will have the adventure she's wanted with Cousin—what's her name?"

Though she writhed under the tone in Vick's voice, Sidney bit her lips over the retort that sprang to them. Anyway, she would have her adventure.

Trude, meanwhile, had found a reassuring thought. "I'll be near enough anyway, so that if Sid gets homesick or finds that things are not just what she'd like them to be, she can telegraph to me and come home. You will, won't you, kid?"

Sid promised hastily. Then for the next half hour everything whirled about her; she could not believe what her ears heard, what her eyes beheld.

The girls were actually planning for her—clothes, trunks, tickets, trains! And she was going to go, going to go! She, Sidney Ellis Romley, was going to go!

CHAPTER 5

Sid Arrives

"Land o' Goshen, you don't tell me you're cruisin' down to the Cape all by yourself! Now, ain't that exciting! And you never been there before, y'say?"

Sidney nodded, sitting very straight on the seat.

This stranger Sidney felt was himself from the Cape. He was big and broad and had bushy white whiskers. From his booming voice she knew he must have commanded a ship; perhaps he knew Ezekiel Green and the Betsy King. She smiled shyly at him.

"Goin' to Provincetown? Well, now, that's about as far as you can go, 'lowin you ain't goin' to Race Point Light, by chance. You be careful that no pirates come 'long and ship and stow you in the fo'castle! There's a-plenty of 'em 'round these waters yet."

"Of course I know there aren't really pirates—but what's a—fo'castle?"

Her new friend roared. "Bless the heart of the little landlubber! Why, the—fo'castle's the—fo'castle—for'ard of the fo'mast. And don't you be too sure about the pirates—you ask Jed Starrow if there ain't! Only they don't run up their flag no more—I guess the black sky's their flag."

"Have they any treasure buried on the Cape?" Sidney ventured.

"Now I won't say they have or they

haven't. The Cape ought to be full of it. And these here pirates I speak of bury their treasure somewheres jest where's the business of Uncle Sam's men to find out." He struck his chest proudly and Sidney caught the gleam of a badge on one of the red suspenders. He saw that she had glimpsed it.

"Special deputy marshal—I'm Cap'n Phin Davies of Wellfleet, retired, you might say—at Uncle Sam's command."

"Oh, I guessed you'd sailed a ship. Do you—did you know the Greens?"

"Greens? There's Greens all over the Cape. But I reckon I know 'most every one in these parts and if I don't, Elizy does—"

"Ezekiel Green sailed the Betsy King—" enlightened Sidney.

"Old Zeke? Why, sure, as spatter! I might say I was brought up on stories about Zeke Green. My father overhauled the Betsy King for Zeke. Zeke's folks any folks of yours?" turning suddenly to Sidney.

Sidney explained that they were—that she was Sidney Romley of Middletown, going now to visit her Cousin Achsa, whom she had never seen and of whom she knew little.

"You don't say. My, my comin' all this way. So Achsa's livin' is she? Zeke's boy died, near as I can remember. I recollect a benefit they had for his widow. She was a Wellfleet girl. Seems to me she died, too. Yes, she did—sudden, when her baby was born. Can't recollect whether the baby lived or not. Don't pay much time to those things, don't have to for Elizy does it well enough for the two of us. Ain't anything on the Cape Elizy misses. Comes to me though that I heard her say something about the Kid. I remember that benefit like it was last night."

He was too deep in his own reminiscences to observe the effect of his words upon Sidney. So Cousin Asabel was dead! She wished Cap'n Phin Davies could remember whether the baby had lived or not.

"If it had lived—I mean that baby—how old would it be, now?"

"Oh—yes—the baby. Let's see. That benefit must a'been all a'sixteen or seventeen years ago. It was the last trip I made on the Valiant. Yep, the last. Elizy'd know for sartin sure, though. There's something about that kid of Green's I've heard Elizy tell—" He turned suddenly to Sidney. "You're comin' down to this part of the country to visit what's left of your folks hereabouts and you don't know nothin' 'bout them? Seems to me someone ought 'a shipped with you. Now I wish 'twas Elizy and me you was comin' to visit. I sartin' do. Elizy likes girls—we've often wished we had a boat's crew of 'em. I tell you, you ask your auntie or whatever she is to let you come over and stay a spell with us. Wellfleet ain't so far. I'll tell Elizy. You'll come, now, won't you? Any one can tell you which is Phin Davies' house—ain't any much

(Continued on page 39)

An Augusta Huiell Seaman story in December

Do You Want to Earn \$100 by Reading about This Dog?

See below how a boy made \$100 by reading a Bradley book and writing about it. This year that first prize should be carried off by some girl. Here is your chance.

"Silversheene" King of Sled Dogs

Although he loved his man masters this wonderful dog always remembered the girl on the New York farm who first owned him. This story of Silversheene's double life — dog and wolf — is one of the best dog stories you ever read. It tells of his kidnapping, his return to the wild as leader of a wolf pack, his race to victory leading a team in the Alaskan sled races. By Clarence Hawkes. Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull. \$1.50.



Wouldn't you want to read this story, even if there were no chance to win a prize? And Silversheene may be worth \$100 to you!

Some
New

Bradley Quality Books

For
Girls

"NANCY BRANDON, ENTHUSIAST"

You want to know this plucky young business girl who ran the "Whatnot Shop." Although her brother made fun of her at first he soon was glad to help in such a successful store. The good times Nancy and her friends had at the summer cooking school where she learned to like housework as well as business are described by Lillian Garis in this first book of an interesting new series. \$1.50.

"HEROES OF TROY"

Beautiful women like Helen of Troy and Goddesses like Venus who won the famous Golden Apple are met in the pages of this book about the brave deeds of long ago. Founded on history and legend, these stories are told by Lawton Evans. Illustrated by Carl Lotave. \$2.00.

These are just a few of the books you may choose from.

\$1000 Prize Contest for Booklovers

All you have to do is read a Bradley Book and write why you like it. There are 250 cash prizes, so every girl has a chance to win some money.

The boy who won \$100

Think of Having \$100 of Your Very Own!

The girl who won \$75



David Nowinson of Chicago wrote why he likes his Bradley Edition of "THE THREE MUSKETEERS" and won first prize last year.

— The first thing to do —

— Write us or Send in This Coupon

I want to enter your \$1000 Contest for Booklovers. Please send me all the details; and enroll me in your Booklovers Club.

NAME.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Contest Dept., Milton Bradley Co., 70 Park St., Springfield, Mass.



Calista Bennett of Binghamton, N. Y., wrote about her Bradley Edition of "EVANGELINE" and won second prize.

When writing to advertisers mention "The American Girl"

Magic Goldpieces

(Continued from page 17)

ANN: Linda leaves things unfinished all the time.

JANE: Hush, Ann.

ANN: But she does. She knows it, too. Sometimes she even brags about it.

THE MAN: And who is Linda?

HESTER: This is her house. She's over in that chair, reading. She won't look up because she doesn't believe you're here.

THE MAN: But you believe I'm here, don't you?

SUE: Of course we do. We can see you.

CONNIE: And hear you, too.

HESTER: I believe Linda hears, too. Only she won't look. Linda! (No answer.)

ANN: Oh, Linda! (No answer.)

SUE (going over to Linda): Do look around.

LINDA: I'm reading.

SUE: But his stories are ever so much more interesting than stories in books. He just sang about a princess—

LINDA: I didn't hear any singing, only your voices, talking.

CONNIE (to the Man): Will you stand over there where Linda can see you?

THE MAN: If you ask it. Only I'm afraid it won't do much good. (He goes to the spot where Connie has pointed, near Linda's chair. Connie stands next to him.)

CONNIE: There. (The others watch, as she prepares to speak. Linda is immersed in her book. Connie speaks suddenly, to startle her into looking up.) Oh, Linda! Look! Here, right beside you.

LINDA (turning and looking squarely at The Man): What's beside me? I don't see anything or any one but you, Connie. (Goes back to her reading.)

ANN (to The Man): Why doesn't she see you?

THE MAN: For the same reason that the princess didn't see the prince.

HESTER: You mean because she doesn't finish things?

THE MAN: Yes. People with a habit of leaving tasks at loose ends seldom see me.

JANE: Then you aren't real, after all?

THE MAN: Of course I'm real. (Slaps his chest vigorously.) Hear that? And you all see me and hear me. Isn't that enough?

CONNIE: Yes. But couldn't we do anything to make Linda see you, too?

THE MAN: Not unless she first begins to gather up the loose ends. She must accomplish some one thing—finish something entirely, before she will see—what you see. (He bows low, with a flourish of his hat. As he doffs it, a cut can be seen on his forehead.)

HESTER: Oh, you've hurt yourself.

THE MAN: A scratch from a blackberry bush as I came through the fields.

SUE: Let me bind it up. I have my first-aid kit here. I'm taking it to the fair in case any one should need it to-night. I read somewhere that at all big fairs they have a first-aid kit.

THE MAN (as she opens her kit and begins to unwind bandage): Do you know how?

SUE: I've been studying to get my Girl Scout Badge for it. Turn a little this way, please.

THE MAN (as he bends his head): So you're all going to the fair, eh?

ANN: We really ought to be on our way now. You see, we Girl Scouts have a booth of our own. We're going down to decorate it for this evening.

JANE: And we're each giving something to sell at the fair, those of us who aren't dancing, like Gertrude, or playing hostess, like Helen, or being an emergency nurse, like Sue.

THE MAN: What are you giving?

JANE: Some pats of butter I churned myself. See. (She gets her basket and opens it.)

THE MAN (looking in): What beautiful butter! (Sings.)

Pat it this way, pat it that way,

Pat it once again.

Take it to the fair and mark it

"Made by Jane."

ANN: Oh, sing a song about my vegetables, too. I'm giving these. (Takes from her basket some carrots, onions, etc., and holds them out.) I grew them myself.

THE MAN (taking a cabbage and feeling it): Nice and firm. (Biting a string bean.) Nice and tender.

SUE (cutting the bandage): There. You're all finished.

THE MAN (putting his hand to the bandage): Comfortable. And I'm sure it's artistic too. Do I look well?

ANN: Very well.

JANE AND HESTER: Yes!

THE MAN: Then for a song. (Tossing the cabbages into the air as he sings.)

Cabbages and nice, fresh onions,

Grown with care.

Ann will take them in her basket

To the fair.

How's that? (Hands vegetables back to Ann and sits down, while they all clap. Bows his head right and left.)

LINDA (looking around inquiringly): What's the clapping for?

HESTER (pointing to The Man): He just sang a song about Ann's vegetables.

LINDA (looking straight at The Man): Ridiculous! That chair you're pointing at is quite empty. (She returns to her book. While Linda and Hester are talking, Ann is putting her vegetables back into her basket. She breaks off a bit of lettuce and puts it between the bars of Jerry's cage. The Man and the rest of the girls are whispering and laughing among themselves.)

THE MAN: Who else wants a song about her?

CONNIE: I keep bees. Can you make

a song about my honey? (Shows him a jar.)

THE MAN: Nothing easier. Let me see. Bees, clover, honey in jars, stars. I have it! (Sings.)

Buzzing bee hives, clover sweetness,

Caught in jars,

Makes the honey Connie's bringing

Gold as stars.

And now, I must be going. (Rises.)

ANN: We must go, too. Are you walking our way, toward the village?

THE MAN: As far as the crossroads. (Puts on his hat and takes his staff, cloak and bundle. All walk toward the door, the girls with their baskets on their arms.)

SUE: Goodbye, Linda. We're going now.

LINDA (looking up): Goodbye. I'm coming down after supper.

ANN: Be sure and be there by eight o'clock.

LINDA (laughing): I may even come five minutes ahead of time.

HESTER AND CONNIE: 'Bye, Linda.

LINDA: Don't forget to take your man with you. (She takes up her book again. All go out but Jane and The Man.)

JANE (bending over the back of Linda's chair and speaking in a loud whisper): If you had finished just one thing, you might have seen him. He said the trouble was "loose ends." Perhaps, if you hurry—

LINDA: I don't know what you're talking about, Jane. (Jane runs out.)

(The Man has been standing by the door, close to the wall. Jane doesn't see him as she leaves. After she has gone, he glances toward Linda and then toward the table. He goes over and lays his bundle beside the bowl of flowers, and takes the one remaining cake in his left hand, and an apple in his right. He is about to leave, when the rest of the apples in the wooden basin tempt him. He quickly stuffs them all in his pocket.)

SUE (from outside): Oh—hoo—ooo! Are you coming?

THE MAN: As quick as a cake can disappear. (He eats the cake and runs out, forgetting his bundle on the table. As he leaves, he sings.)

We'll all go down to the crossroads,
Hester and Connie and Sue,
And Ann and Jane, and the clouds will rain

Down gold pieces, shiny and new.

LINDA (As the verse finishes, Linda rises and yawns and stretches. As she passes the bird cage on her way to the table, Linda pokes the lettuce a little farther in and speaks to the bird): Silly, weren't they, Jerry? Believing they were seeing and talking with a man who wasn't here at all. (She goes to the table and puts down her book, then takes up the knife and looks for the apples to peel. She starts on seeing there are none left.) They must have been

(Continued on page 45)

Say to your Captain, "Be a brick and buy one"

Out of the Dye Pot

Some Christmas presents for your Christmas list

By ALICE ALDUS

THE dye pot is an age old witches' cauldron to which a new magic is applied. The art of the dye pot is a Christmas craft for slender purses; an art as old as civilization, now perfected so that any amateur may with practice become as skillful as the professional. At last the guess is taken out of dyeing by SUNSET SOAP DYES, with their cakes to be divided accurately into the desired quantities and their explicit directions for you to follow.

Many of you know what fun dyeing is, having dyed Campaign Scarfs according to Mrs. Rippin's directions in the October AMERICAN GIRL. Now that your dye pot has helped the Campaign you can go to new triumphs by dyeing your Christmas gifts.

Christmas gifts you can dye

Doubtless all your family and friends have bought Campaign Scarfs. If not add scarfs to the list of things you can make. Then there are luncheon or tea sets, napkins, negligees, bed-spreads, window curtains, couch covers, lamp shades, chair covers, and wispy gay handkerchiefs of linen, batiste or silk, or big cotton ones as head handkerchiefs for sports and gymnasium. Even shirt waists, middy blouses, dresses or heavier materials.

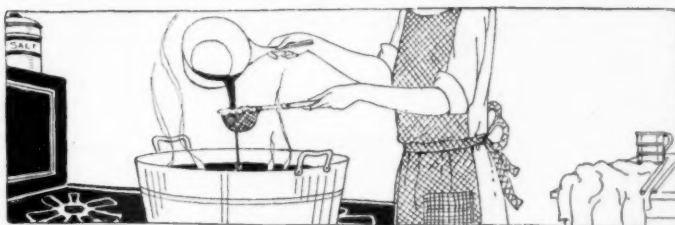
Any of these tea sets, napkins, handkerchiefs, etc., may be graduated in tone, melting from a pale tint in the centre to glowing color at the edges. This effect is easy to get by following Mrs. Rippin's directions. See the October AMERICAN GIRL. (By this method Mrs. Rippin is also making negligees fit for a princess, some truly cloth of gold and living flame.)

The dyeing

Or, if you wish to do pattern dyeing, follow the directions and the drawings on this page.

The beauty of tie dyeing is that you may fit your materials to your purse. Cotton crepe and voile or unbleached muslin will make your charming household things, while pineapple cloth, chiffon, crepe de chine, and other silks are the most fun to handle and give results that make your heart jump to your throat with excitement.

Tie dyeing is full of such thrills. You've missed it if you haven't yet clipped the string from your funny, bunched, screwed-up, ridiculous looking bit of material, like nothing on earth so much as an unesthetic clump of onions and potatoes. The joy of opening the fabric to your excited gaze when a new pattern swims



Straining your dye which you have already dissolved

into your ken. You follow the same directions for each of a set of six tea napkins, say. The color is just the same and all six bear a strong family resemblance in pattern. At a glance they are as like as six Chinamen—or six finger prints—but like the Chinamen

and finger prints, they are different. Try it and see.

The design

The design or pattern is planned and that part which is not to be colored in each respective dye bath, if you are to have two or more colors, is covered with string.

Fold a piece of material 18 inches square (this will make a good pillow cover) first lengthwise then crosswise with the four corners meeting and pin. Place at the exact center a small object as a peanut bean or marble. Wind with enough string to protect the original color for the width stripe desired. Measure out 4 inches along each edge from the corner and tie in a tight knot or wind with string for two inches from the edge.

Prepare dye bath and dye according to directions that come with SUNSET SOAP DYES, boiling the bath for a fast color. Remove the string and dry. If more than one color is desired cover all parts not to be dyed in the first dye bath with string. Remove string from the parts to be dyed the second color, covering the part of the first color and proceed as in dyeing of stripes.

There are other methods of making other patterns. For instance a design of charming waves and ripples may be made by gathering or plaiting the material between the fingers, winding, and tying at intervals with string. Or of sewing your design in with needle and thread, the ends of which are drawn tight and tied then wrapped with string. You, yourself, as you go on will be able to vary your methods and designs, using the directions above as a starting point. The finish for your articles is as varied as the articles themselves. If you have sufficient money and insufficient time, have your edges picoted. (It costs about 10c a yard.) But there are handmade finishes that Girl Scout needlewomen can easily adopt. The simplest perhaps is darning the hem in place with brightly colored thread. Cross stitching, blanket stitching, and rolling and whipping are easy and effective, but take more time, while a charming and simple edge is made by fringing your material before you dye it.

If there is anything further you wish to know, write to the Home Service Department of the makers of SUNSET SOAP DYES, North American Dye Corporation, Mount Vernon, New York.



Dyeing your sample
Advertisement



Bulbs to be grown in Pots

For the
Window Garden

Follow the directions
given by Mrs. Bertha
Chapman Cady

Calla Lilies, Mammoth Bulbs, 35c.; 3 for \$1.90.

Freelias, "Purity," snow white, largest bulbs, dozen 60c.

California, finest yellow, dozen \$1.25.
Gen. Pershing, best pink, doz. \$1.00.

Splendens, lavender, dozen \$1.25.

Roman Hyacinths, white, each 25c.; 12 for \$2.50.

Dutch Hyacinth, miniature, fine for pans, white, pink, red, light blue, dark blue, yellow. A dozen \$1.00.

These miniature hyacinths are fine for outdoor planting.

Jonquils, treat like hyacinths! All sweet scented, single or double. A dozen 75c.

Narcissus, French grown. Force easy.

Trumpet Major, deep yellow, doz. 90c.

Golden Spur, rich yellow, doz. \$1.00.

Bulbs for the Garden

Herrmann's Superior Grades of Single, Double and Darwin Tulips. Must be seen to be appreciated. Largest size Bulbs only, sure of blooming in the Spring, at very low prices.

We know how to handle our Bulbs. We know how to keep them in the right temperature, and they are live ones when they reach our customers.

Bulbs for the Window Garden

All the varieties we offer are first class, purchased from the best growers in Holland and France. (We have bought for over 40 years from the same growers.) Guaranteed to be in perfect condition and sure to bloom. We sold Narcissus for water culture before 1890, and can claim to have introduced them here!

Our prices are very low and we deliver by parcel post everywhere in the United States.

Paperwhite Narcissus. Planted now they will bloom in about six weeks. Mammoth Bulbs 10c; 6 for 50c; 12 for \$1.00.

Large Bulbs 5c; 6 for 30c; 12 for 60c.

Narcissus. Soleil d'or (Golden Sun). Bloom in about eight weeks. Mammoth Bulbs 15c; 6 for 75c; 12 for \$1.25.

Large Bulbs 10c; 6 for 50c; 12 for 90c.

Chinese Lilies. Direct from China. Largest Bulbs, sure to succeed in 4 to 6 weeks. Fifteen cents each.

The foregoing three varieties do excellently in shallow bowls in pebbles and water.

Our assortment of **Bowls** is large and priced low.

Culture directions with every order!

Herrmann's Seed Store, 140 EAST 34th STREET, N.Y.C.
Near Lexington Avenue

Christmas Bulbs

(Continued from page 24)

the other bulbs. The greatest care should be taken to keep them in the dark until the glass is filled with roots. Covering the glass with a thin wrapping of paper and placing a paper cone over the growing top often helps. The blossoms are frequently so eager to grow that they do not wait for the roots to get out of the bulb or are buried beneath the sturdy growth of over-anxious leaves and the blossoms are a failure.

The Roman hyacinths, however, are a delight to the beginner. Shallow pots, partly filled with good soil, make the best home for these bulbs. Their size is a bit disappointing after handling the larger Dutch hyacinths and Chinese lily, but they are quite as much of a surprise when they begin to bloom for from each

small bulb several spikes of feathery flowers arise.

The pots when planted should be treated in the same way as were the other bulbs and kept in the dark, cool cellar until the roots have a sturdy growth. They should be brought into the light *gradually* so that the pale leaves may have time to turn green and make ready to keep the plant healthy.

With a start of from six to eight weeks before the time you wish to use your bulbs, you may be assured of a beautiful gift worthy of a good Scout.

Not only have our bulbs brought joy but we have known times when we have added to our savings account by the sale of small pots of blooming bulbs. Many of you will wish to help our National Headquarters Campaign Fund in this way.



Have You Read Them?

Some Books Girls Always Enjoy

By MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

IF ever a book deserved to be called a pocket library it is *Games and Recreational Methods*, by Charles F. Smith and others (Dodd, Mead). It was written "for clubs, camps and Scouts," and they might as well go on and say for any one who ever played a game or wanted to. There are chapters on leadership and the "play way" of teaching, then sections on outdoor and indoor games described in the fewest possible words but so any one would get the idea, and with pictures where they are needed; you can find any game in a moment. Then comes a section on dramatics and stunts, so good that I knew it must have been written by Helen Ferris, whose *Producing Amateur Entertainments* (Dutton) I am forever recommending and sure enough it was, and I shall know from now on where to send people who ask me for ideas for camp entertainments. Then a sports and woodcraft section, to match if you would have to go to Kephart's *Camping and Woodcraft*. The point is that the whole thing would go into a reasonably-sized pocket. For a girl who intends to be a counselor at a camp or a teacher later on, it has, of course, a special value.

About the time you decide that your room is all wrong and must be done over directly, I hope some one gives you a copy of *Furnishing the Little House*, by Ethel Davis Seal (Century). For it is one thing to feel sure that you haven't the right wall paper or that the curtains get on your nerves and quite another to replace them with things that will be any better or any better arranged. This book was written as the result of answering great numbers of questions on house furnishing from all over the country, and likely enough it will have the answer to your particular problem. I like especially the way it deals with color, not only the ideas but the inspiring way in which they are set down; they are good ideas to have in mind in choosing little things or in arranging the whole scheme of a room. This is a good gift for a girl just engaged, and its advice is not too expensive for a modest beginning.

Renew — Keep your magazine coming

Speaking of old favorites, as we were last month, eight of them have just been reissued in a series called the *Beacon Hill Bookshelf*, because the publisher of all eight, Little, Brown and Co., is in Boston. There is the famous edition of *Little Women* with the pictures by Jessie Willcox Smith that have come to be to the book what the first illustrations of Dickens were to those novels; and *Little Men* with pictures by Birch, who in his own way "created" Little Lord Fauntleroy. These and all the pictures in this series, are full-page and in color. There is that fine romance *Martin Hyde*, by John Masefield; I earnestly hope you have read that, for it is not only a stirring historical novel but one written in English so beautiful that it will make you dissatisfied with cheap and shoddy language, and that is what you should be. There are, besides, two favorites of little girls; *What Katy Did*, and *Nelly's Silver Mine*, which you may have forgotten is by the author of *Ramona*.

Allen French's *Story of Rolf* is furiously exciting, as one might expect who knew it was founded on the sagas of Iceland and the doings of those two-fisted outlaws. This is another of the books that lead to further reading. Mary Waller's *A Daughter of the Rich* is something like *Old Fashioned Girl* but with a city girl visiting a country family instead of the other way round. The only new one is *The Boy Whaler*, by George F. Tucker, a thriller about a three-years cruise from the Horn to the Arctic, in the sixties. I like the idea of bringing back these stories in uniform and attractive binding; like all really worthwhile books for young people they are worth keeping for the grown-up library. There have been several of these reprints lately; I will speak of others later on.

When my daughter was very little some one gave her *The Snow Baby*, the story of Admiral Peary's little girl and her experiences in the Arctic. It was one of her first favorites, and reading it aloud started me on being interested in how life was lived around the North Pole, so when Vilhjalmur Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic* came along I read it, every page, and there are—I have just looked—687 of them. And when Mr. Stefansson and Voilet Irwin collaborated on *Kak, the Copper Eskimo* (Macmillan) I was prepared for something out of the ordinary in young people's books, and it certainly is. It is like living in the Arctic with a busy set of Eskimo, hunting and fishing and playing with other children, and getting a thrill out of the visit of an explorer from New York. By the way, Eskimos, I learn from this book, think that punishing a bad child drives away his good angel. So you see the children in "Kak" are not too good to be natural. There is a new edition of Hendrik Willem Van Loon's *The Story of Mankind* (Boni and Liveright), which has the same text, paper and pictures and a new cover, and

(Continued on page 42)



Back to boarding-school after the holidays

WILL you take a Girl Scout toilet kit with you? This useful piece of equipment comes in heavy rubberized fabric in official khaki color. It is fitted with towel, wash cloth, soap, tooth brush, tooth-paste, comb and mirror. It is marked with Girl Scout trefoil trade mark seal. Useful the year round, for any member of the family. Excellent for school, travel, camp and week ends. Only \$2.25

Order from

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.
National Supply Department

NEW YORK CITY
670 Lexington Avenue

Let's Play ————— What?

Here's a hand book that tells you everything you want to know about games, stunts and recreations, indoor and out.

GAMES AND RECREATIONAL METHODS FOR CLUBS, CAMPS AND SCOUTS

By Charles F. Smith, Columbia University

Mrs. Jane Deeter Rippin, Director, Girl Scouts, says: "I believe that every Recreational Leader should have a copy."

Miss Helen Ferris, Editor, "The American Girl," says: "I heartily recommend it to all who are associated with young people in every recreational capacity."

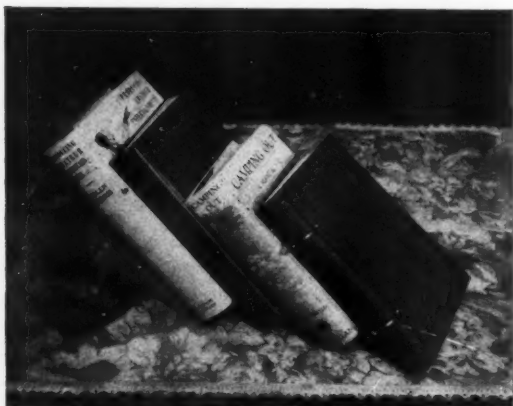
James E. West, Chief Scout Executive, Boy Scouts of America, says: "The material is presented with such clearness as to make it of the greatest value to recreational workers."

Handy size, with 442 illustrations and diagrams.

\$2.00

DODD, MEAD & CO., 443-449 Fourth Ave., NEW YORK

Christmas presents you can make—in December



Gifts for Giving and Receiving

This year make it a book Christmas

To Girl Scout friends give Girl Scout books, and ask for them for your own Christmas. They will give pleasure the year round. We suggest the following:

SCOUTING FOR GIRLS. The official handbook of the Girl Scouts, an encyclopedia of Scouting. No Girl Scout leader should be without it. A wealth of valuable information on every phase of Scouting, and in addition requirements for all tests, merit badges and medals. Bound in khaki colored cloth. \$1.00

CAMPING OUT. A manual on organized camping edited by L. H. Weir, Field Secretary of the Playground and Recreation Association of America. The articles which make up this book were written by authorities and enthusiasts. Among the many interesting topics treated are selection of camp site, equipment, camp committee organization and duties, camp diet and nutrition, and camp standards. Illustrated with many maps and charts. A volume no camp director can do without. \$2.00

PRODUCING AMATEUR ENTERTAINMENTS. By Helen Ferris. A book by the Editor of THE AMERICAN GIRL of stunts, musical and other numbers and of plans for putting programs on and over. "I am forever recommending this book," says May Lamberton Becker. It is the standard work in its field. A book that will help make your troop program lively and interesting. \$2.50

NATURE NOTEBOOKS. By Bertha Chapman Cady. Full new requirements for Bird, Tree and Flower Finder, Merit Badges, prepared by Dr. Cady. Loose leaf sheets comprise in each group outlines for observation with questions and answers. Abundant and clear charts for identification and coloring and a list of books that will help you in your work with birds, trees, and flowers. 40 cents per project or \$1.50 with Girl Scout loose leaf binder.

Order now from

GIRL SCOUTS, INC. 70 Lexington Ave., New York City

Ride a Ranger

The smile of complete satisfaction comes with the ownership of a Ranger—the Golden Brown Aristocrat of Cycledom. Thousands of Girl Scouts ride them. Made in many sizes, for all ages.

Direct from Factory

Shipped on Approval. Express prepaid anywhere in the U.S. A. for 30 days Free Trial. The big free Ranger catalog shows 44 styles, colors and sizes, from \$21.50 up. Do business direct with the makers.

\$5 a Month if desired. Girls and boys easily earn the small monthly payments. Ride and enjoy as you earn and pay for it.

Tires—Parts and equipment for all bicycles—half usual prices. Write today for catalog prices and easy payment plan.

MEAD CYCLE CO.
Dept. H9 CHICAGO

Renew in time for
our Christmas issue



**A GIRL SCOUT
SEES AND HEARS**
Lend Us Your Eyes and Ears
and We Will Improve Them

THE GUIDE TO NATURE

Subscription \$1.50 per year
Sample Copy 15 Cents

EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
ArcAdia

SOUND BEACH CONNECTICUT

Has your troop shown
The Golden Eaglet?
(The Girl Scout film)

For particulars write

The American Girl
670 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

Who Is Who in "The American Girl"

Margaret Evans Price

who is making our attractive covers, has been put on the Girl Scout Council of East Aurora, New York, where she lives.

Ralph Henry Barbour

is one of the most popular writers of athletic stories in the country.

May Lamberton Becker

writes about books every week in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published at 234 East 39th Street, New York City (yearly subscription, \$3.00). If you wish to read one of her fascinating Reader's Guides, ask you local book-store man for a copy of *The Saturday Review*.

Inez Haynes Irwin

has found time to write some delightful girls' books. Read *Maida's Little Shop* and *Maida's Little House* (B. W. Huebsch), if you have not already done so.

Jane Abbott

is Commissioner of the Buffalo Girl Scouts. We are proud of having her for our very own.

Anna Hempstead Branch

wrote the dedication for the Girl Scouts of Christodora House, 147 Ave. B, New York City, who presented it to Girl Scouts everywhere.

Alice Mary Kimball

is very busy these days, planning magazine articles about the Girl Scouts. Watch for them in *The Delineator*, *The Pictorial Review* and others. We are going to have a Girl Scout cover on *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a whole issue of *Life*, too.

Elizabeth Huntington

is a former member of *The Youth's Companion* staff, now writing in New York City.

Grace Phelps

is head of our Girl Scout News Bureau at National Headquarters. She will gladly send you suggestions for your own local publicity if you or your Captain will write to her.

Camille Davied

is writing in New York City and is delighted that so many of you said in our What-I-Wish Contest that you liked her "Beanie".

THE WOMANS PRESS

600 Lexington Ave.
New York, N. Y.



LITTLE ROBIN STAY-BEHIND

Dainty

Delightful

Dramatic

Katharine Lee
Bates

1.75

Such a delightful Thanksgiving play—The Conscientious Turkey—(another of old folk customs) for your Christmas program.

Ten more for the months of the coming year

Our 1925 magazines will have everything you like

Laughing Last

(Continued from page 32)

finer on the Cape."

As the train carried them further upon the Cape a boyish excitement seized the old man. He pointed out to Sidney the places and things of interest they were passing. Through his eyes Sidney saw the beauty of the old, elm-shaded villages, the rich meadow lands, the sand-bars gleaming against stretches of blue water. Cap'n Phin Davies seemed to know something about every one who lived in the quaint houses set under century old trees. Wellfleet came all too soon.

"Now don't forget, Missy, you're coming to visit old Phin Davies. I'll tell Elizy. And keep an eye to wind'ard for those pirates!"

"Gosh all fish hooks," he exclaimed to his Elizy, a half hour later. "Don't know as I've ever seen a cuter girl—and comin' all this way by herself to visit what's left of Zeke Green's folks."

In her own way Eliza Davies registered sincere horror. "You don't say! Why, all there is old Ascha and that poor Lavender! Now, you don't say the little thing—"

With Cap'n Phin's going Sidney was engulfed in a terrifying loneliness. She tried desperately to rally something of that splendid excitement with which she had started on her journey. But in spite of her valiant efforts her spirits sank lower and lower. Strong within her mounted an apprehension at what awaited her at her journey's end.

But there was a chance the "baby" had lived; Cap'n Davies had said it'd be about sixteen.

Sidney hoped it was a boy—a boy cousin would be such fun. And he'd be more likely to have a boat. In order to keep from thinking that the low dunes of sand and marsh shrouded in twilight haze through which they now were passing were very dreary, she held stubbornly to her speculations concerning the "baby." She was tired and hungry. The lump was growing very big and hurt. When, as she finally followed her fellow passengers off the train and along a bustling platform she heard a pleasant voice ask, "Is this Sidney Romley?" she gave an involuntary gasp of relief.

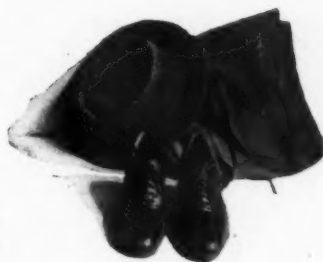
"Oh, are you my cousin?"

Dugald Allan took her bag. "Well, yes, if both of us belonging to Aunt Achsa can make us cousins. Are you tired?" As he talked he piloted her through the crowd, a crowd that startled Sidney after those miles of twilight loneliness. "It's always like this toward the week-end," he apologized. "But Sunset Lane is quiet enough. I've old Dobbin here and the one-hoss shay."

As they creaked and swayed down the sandy road Sidney turned searching eyes again upon her companion. "Are you the baby that was born? You see, Captain Phin Davies told me—"

"Oh, you mean Lavender. No—I am not Lavender. I just live with Aunt Achsa summers."

(Continued on page 40)



Noted Orthopedic Surgeons Endorse SOROSIS Girl Scout Shoes

SOROSIS Girl Scout shoes possess style, high grade materials and workmanship. And in addition they conform to the scientific principles of foot health that have won them the endorsement of leading orthopedic surgeons.

These noted doctors endorse Sorosis Girl Scout Shoes because of inbuilt qualities produced by Sorosis' 25 years of shoemaking experience. These shoes are built to fit the natural shape of the foot with straight lines on the inner sides. They are comfortably snug in heel and roomy in the toes. At last your toes can work in a shoe that is stylish. They are stout

enough for hiking yet flexible enough for foot exercise.

And these shoes are stylish, too, fashioned to please the fastidious taste of Girl Scouts.

They are moderate in price. Tan Grain Calfskin \$8.00. Imported Scotch Grain Calfskin, Waterproof Soles \$9.50.

Sorosis Girl Scout Shoes can be had—at moderate prices—direct by mail from 449 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Look for Girl
Scout trefoil trade
mark on sole of
shoe.



TRADE MARK
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SOROSIS GIRL SCOUT SHOES

"Shape It With Your Hand-Axe" How many handicraft directions contain these words!



Chopping wood for the camp-fire
Cutting boughs for beds
Splitting, prying, driving or pulling nails
The official Girl Scout Axe is a good serviceable tool
It is forged; not cast; and is tempered as carefully and as well as larger axes
It is light in weight—the axe weighs 1 1/4 lbs., and the handle adds only a few ounces

All of our axes are made by the official manufacturers of the Girl Scout axe: the Kelly Axe & Tool Co., Inc., whose world-wide reputation is built upon Quality. "The Best Known and known as The Best."

Sold only by

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

You will need your Girl
Scout Axe. Have you one
for hikes this fall?

Join the Earn-Your-Own Club—ask your friends to subscribe



**From 8 Cents
to \$3.00**

Within the reach of all

THE shining golden trefoil pin, the symbol of Scouting, may gleam on every necktie, because it is within the reach of all. Every Girl Scout may show she is a Scout because every Girl Scout can afford to buy a pin.

The trefoil to indicate the threefold promise. The eagle because it is American.

Official Girl Scout pins are made by the MEDALLIC ART COMPANY, who are also makers of Girl Scout badges and medals.

Sold only on order of Captain by

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
670 Lexington Ave.,
New York City

Miss Harris' Florida School

Under northern management, northern faculty. Tourist pupils use home textbooks. Outdoor classes, ocean bathing throughout winter. Boarding and day school departments. October to June. Chaperoned party from New York and Chicago. 1052 Brickell Av., Miami, Fla.

NEW HAVEN NORMAL SCHOOL OF GYMNASTICS

1466 Chapel Street
New Haven, Connecticut
Physical Education, recreation, playground, reconstruction and Girl Scout work a profession should appeal to Girl Scouts. If it does to you, write us for booklet A.

**Join the
Earn-Your-Own Club**
and take advantage of the
Christmas subscriptions

(Continued from page 39)

"But there is a cousin?" Sidney drew a quick breath. "You see everything's so strange to me that I have to put it all together, like a picture puzzle. And it will be nice having some one young in the picture. Then you're a—you're—a sort of boarder?"

"I suppose so. Though Aunt Achsa holds me as one of the family and I hope you will, too. What do you think of our Cape?"

"Oh, it's wonderful! Only—" Sidney had to be honest. "I didn't like it so well until Captain Phin Davies made me see what was so nice about it." "Toby's taking a short-cut home," Allan soon remarked, "I expect he knows Aunt Achsa has the finest dinner you ever tasted waiting for us. We'll be there in two seconds now."

Two seconds—and her journey would be over, her adventure begun. Again that apprehension mounted. She was scarcely conscious of anything they were passing. She heard her companion say: "This is Sunset Lane." Then, with a great jolt, the ancient equipage stopped.

They were so close to the house that Sidney almost could have jumped from the step of the carriage to the threshold.

In the open door silhouetted against a glow of lamplight waited a very small, brown old lady. Achsa Green fluttered out to meet Sidney and touched the girl with shy hands.

"Well, well, you're here. Don't seem true. Let old Achsa look at you, child. Annie's girl. Come right in. I 'spect you're tuckered out and hungry, too. Lavender, come and meet your new cousin."

Sidney's glance leaped across the room to the boy who huddled back of the stove, regarding her with shy, dark eyes. And as quickly it dropped before what she saw. Achsa Green, watching, sensed her involuntary shudder.

"He's strange," Aunt Achsa hurried to explain, a tremble in her voice, "but he'll make friends fast 'nough. Goodness knows he ain't talked of much else than a new cousin's comin' sence we got your letter. This is your room, Sidney, right here handy and mebbe you'll like to wash up while I put supper on the table."

The "boarder" had already carried Sidney's bag into the little room that opened directly out of the parlor.

Aunt Achsa, after bustling her in, closed the door quickly between them.

It was the smallest room Sidney had ever seen. Why, she could reach out and touch the ceiling or any one of the walls. And it was the neatest. The small panes of the window twinkled at her between starched muslin curtains, coarse but immaculate towels covered the wash stand and the highboy that stood at each side of the window. A cushion much faded from many washings was tied to the back of the straight, rush-bottomed chair at the foot of the bed. A smell of strong soap hung in the air.

Sidney could not know that the highboy was priceless, that the two blue vases which Achsa had risked leaving on top of it had come from a Spanish port a

century before. Her eyes were too brimming with tears to notice the flowers that grew to her window-sill and peeped over it at her. The lump that had been growing and growing mastered her. She drew a long-quivering breath. She had come all the way from home for *this*. *This* was her adventure!

Oh, it was too humiliating, too cruel! That dreadful old woman looked just like a witch.

And in a few minutes she'd open the door and make her go out in the kitchen and eat supper with them. They were going to eat in the kitchen. She had seen the table. And the boarder—nice people in Middletown did not keep boarders. And, oh, that dreadful Lavender and his big eyes, staring at her—that was the cousin! And she could not telegraph Trude until tomorrow at the earliest—

She could not cry. She must not. If she began she'd never stop. Her teeth bit into her quivering lip. She went to the little window and leaned her face against its frame. The fragrant salt-laden air caressed her and soothed her.

"Shame on you, Sidney Romley," she finally muttered. "Remember you're fifteen. And you *wanted* to come—one made you! Anyway—" She addressed a rose that was wagging its pink head at her in an understanding way. "Anyway, I'll bet it won't be a bit worse than traveling with fat, cross old God-mother Jocelyn!"

Yet—yet—she *must* telegraph to Trude in the morning!

You can imagine how poor Sid felt after being certain that Cousin Achsa lived in a wonderful white house on an eminence! What would you have done had you been in her place? And could anything possibly happen during the night or first thing in the morning to change her mind about that telegram? Even a few hours makes a great difference, sometimes. The next instalment of "Laughing Last" is a most revealing part of this mystery.

Our What-I-Wish Contest

(Continued from page 19)

Fourth came Athletics. More girls missed an Athletic page than any other feature, a lack which Helen Ferris, the Editor, says she plans to remedy at once. Next came Handicraft. The girls said they had used all the handicraft pages which have been published but wish to have more of them. Adventure stories follow Handicraft in number of requests. With the following list, in order: plays for troops; pictures of Girl Scout troops; a candy page; fashion page; puzzles; boy and girl stories; news about other countries; poetry; jokes; camp stories; Merit Badge pages; vocational stories; stunts; contests; stories by Girl Scouts themselves; a question and answer page; Nature Lore; stories about famous men and women; photography; recipes; songs and yells; travel articles; with a large number of other suggestions receiving one vote each. See page 50 for your Editor's promises concerning your suggestions.

Coming — stories and stunts by Girl Scouts

Tubby Ward

(Continued from page 30)

Perhaps he recalled his promise. At all events he beckoned and Tubby hurried to him. Some unidentified Naughton rooter laughed and invited his companions to "look what's going to play!" But again Tubby was deaf to insult. Captain Phil was barking in his ear.

"Make believe you can play, Tubby. Don't let 'em know you can't, see? And get that ball back when Slim hits your leg. If you mess it up once I'll lick you just as soon as the game's over!"

Tubby swallowed hard, said "Uh-huh" faintly and took his place. A large, evil-countenanced youth glared threateningly at him from three feet away. There was a whistle, Jim shouted unintelligible numbers and punched Tubby's left leg and Tubby, as he had so often seen Toots do, shot the ball back. Then many things happened all at once. One of them was Tubby's sudden descent to earth. Another was the unanimous decision of the Naughton team to use Tubby as a stepping stone to success. There were other things, but Tubby had nothing to do with them. When confusion was ended and Tubby was again on his feet Claflin's had lost a yard. Captain Phil put his face three inches from Tubby's and said a great many unkind things, most of which Tubby was too dazed to understand. Then the game went on, Tubby vaguely gathering that time was short. Again he answered Jim's request for the ball, but his response was poor. The ball trickled end over end and Jim missed it and the evil-faced opponent—who was possibly a normally nice looking boy in private life—dived between Tubby's brief legs and fell on it!

Gloom again for Claflin's, gloom thick and black! Victory, almost in their grasp, had side-stepped and eluded them! Captain Phil had nothing to say. He looked at Tubby but words failed him. Some one said "Forty seconds left!" Tubby his head in a whirl, his breath almost gone, was able to appreciate just one fact, which was that he had failed his team and his School. No, two facts. The other was that the opposing center had been the cause of his failure, the cause of his everlasting disgrace. Tubby became obsessed by a great and magnificent hatred. His soul thirsted for vengeance!

Naughton knew what to do and proceeded to do it. Her punter went back almost to her goal-line and Tubby's malevolent adversary stooped over the ball. Then after an interminable moment the ball passed from Tubby's sight and Tubby went after it. His memory of what happened was never clear. He recollected launching his full weight forward, recollected being a trifle surprised at the way in which his huge opponent melted from his path, but after that things became hazy. Some one got in his way and Tubby, like a juggernaut, brushed him aside. Before him remained

(Continued on page 42)

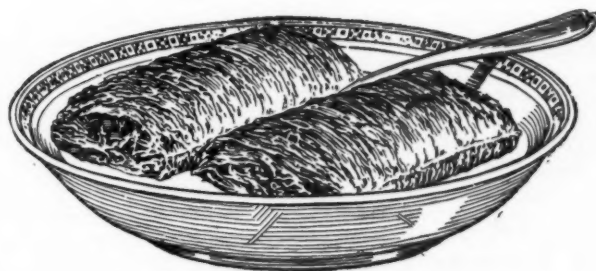
A real whole wheat porridge

If you like a hot porridge that is not a mush—one that you have to chew—try this one: Place several Shredded Wheat Biscuits in a saucepan, adding salt and enough water to cover the bottom of the pan. Stir and boil until it thickens; serve hot in porridge dish with milk or cream.

Shredded Wheat

makes the best whole wheat porridge because it is thoroughly cooked. Contains all the elements needed by the human body—gives you vim and energy for the day's work—the most food for the least money.

The Shredded Wheat Company
Niagara Falls New York



Bright Colors for Fall

You can liven up your uniform with a splash of bright color, if you buy a new Girl Scout neckerchief. (Consult price list for colors.)

Our neckerchiefs are of best mercerized cotton, embroidered with the official trefoil seal, only 40c. Made by Stanton Brothers, 105-107 Fifth Avenue, New York City.


Order only from

Girl Scouts, Inc.

670 Lexington Ave. New York City

Three boarding school girls called "Triplets" in December

Ways for Troops to Earn Money



HOOT MON!

Raise funds for your Girl Scout Troop, Christian Endeavor, Sunday School, High School or Church Societies, selling delicious Scotmints. Six flavors, Peppermint, Yeast, Wintergreen, Clove, Cinnamon and Licorice. Sell for 5c. Everybody has a nickel and everybody likes Scotmints.

NO CAPITAL REQUIRED

We extend 30 days' credit, ship any quantity and any assortment of flavors, by express or parcel post prepaid.

| | For 320 Pkgs. | For 500 Pkgs. | For 1,000 Pkgs. |
|--------------------|----------------|----------------|-----------------|
| Sells for | \$16.00 | \$25.00 | \$50.00 |
| Costs your troop | 9.00 | 13.50 | 26.00 |
| YOUR PROFIT | \$ 7.00 | \$11.50 | \$24.00 |

SCOTMINTS CO., Inc. G.S.-1 Jersey City, N. J.

Clip or Copy and Mail NOW Help Your Captain

SCOTMINTS CO., INC.
Desk G.S.-1, Jersey City, N. J.

HELP YOUR CAPTAIN

Send.....packages of Scotmints (express charges prepaid):

.....PeppermintLicorice
.....YeastCinnamon
.....WintergreenClove

Name
Street
City
State
Troop
Captain
Reference



SEND For CANDY To SELL

RAISE MONEY EASILY

We send well-known, wrapped chocolate bars, such as Lowrey's, Hershey's, Waneta, Waleco, Necco, etc., and allow thirty days to sell and remit. Many Girl Scout troops, schools, churches, and societies use this plan.

\$24.00 EASILY EARNED

On order of captain we send any troop a case of 60 boxes of five-cent bars of above makes, fresh, and delicious. We allow thirty days to sell. Rochester, New York. Liberal allowance elsewhere. Special offer to Western customers. Above offer shows \$24.00 profit. (Prices subject to change). Order from this advt. or send for illustrated circular. Also showing other assortments.

FRED D. LESURE CO.
Wholesale Confectioners, 50-S Laurel St., Fitchburg, Mass.

GIRL SCOUT TROOPS—OTHER GIRLS AND BOYS EARN CHRISTMAS MONEY

Ask your Captain to write for 50 sets of St. Nicholas Christmas seals today so that your troop may earn Christmas money. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. No Work—Just Fun—Sell at Bazaars, Church Fairs and Sales.

St. Nicholas, Dept. 165, 2814 Glenwood Rd., B'klyn N. Y.

GIRLS Ask your captain to write us today if you really want to make money. Our plan for selling Christmas Cards, Tags, and Seals is a winner! Send for a box and try it.

THE OWL ART SHOPS
19 Sever Street, Worcester, Mass.

The
"Money Earning Plan"
for
Church, Society or School Fund
"Earn It With Candy"

No money needed to start.
Finest quality, quick sales.

For details write:
CHARLES R. DAVIS
(Established 1905)
184 Ward Street
Newton Centre Mass.

Give
THE AMERICAN GIRL
for Christmas

A Scouty present for a Girl Scout

GIRLS EARN MONEY

Under approval of Captain
Selling
Highest Grade Assorted 5c CHOCOLATE COVERED BARS

14 Varieties
Offer good east of Mississippi River, north of Georgia

30 days to pay Mail coupon

L. E. AUSTIN
601 West 110th St.
New York City

Please send information regarding your money earning plan for societies, etc.

Name
Street
City and State

Make \$19 Per 100 Stamping names on Key checks. Send 25c for sample and instructions to **G. S. KEY-TAG CO., Cohoes, N. Y.**

HEMSTITCHING and Piloting attachment works on any machine—\$2. with instructions. **A. SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.**

\$50 a Week I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles **FREE** **ALGS SCOTT, Cohoes, N. Y.**

ASK YOUR STOREKEEPER FOR

STOVINK
THE RED STOVE REMEDY

Manufacturers
JOHNSON'S LABORATORY, INC.
Worcester, Mass.

CLASS RINGS & PINS
Largest Catalog Issued—FREE

Samples loaned class officers. Prices \$.20 to \$.80 each. No order for class, society, club emblems too large or too small. Special designs made on request.

CATALOG FREE

METAL ARTS CO., Inc. 7740 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

(Continued from page 41)

a smallish, slimmish youth with the ball in his two hands and Tubby bore down on him hastily, heavily, inexorably. The Naughton kicker stared an instant at the width of the approaching obstacle, recognized the futility of trying to kick and sought flight. He bounded to the left and would have skirted behind the goal posts, but Tubby altered his course to intercept him. The runner sought to dodge, would have reversed his direction, but Tubby, with all the force and momentum of a ten-ton truck sliding down hill, met him in that instant of indecision. The Naughton player rebounded, but not so Tubby. Tubby went right on, his speed, however, somewhat decreased, and came to his prone foe. Thereupon suddenly aware that his breath had just about left him and that he was very tired, Tubby said "Huh!" and sat down heavily enthusiastically on that foe!

They raised him presently and pumped air back into the depleted lungs of the Naughton player, and Captain Phil banged Tubby between his broad shoulders and Jim Merrill tried to hug him, but couldn't quite make it, and Tubby was vastly surprised.

"Wha—what's it?" he demanded.

"Why, you won the game!" roared Pink hoarsely. "That was a safety! Two points for us, Tubby, old son! Didn't you know it?"

Tubby shook his head and gazed doubtfully. But after an instant he regained his poise. There was no triumphant thought of the little blue cap with the white C, of gloating over the conquered Julie. He leveled a commanding gaze on Captain Phil.

"Say next year I'm going to be a substitute again, ain't I?" he inquired. "I mean I won't have to really play, will I?"

Books

(Continued from page 37)

costs half as much as the one so many thousands of children (and their elders too) have read so eagerly. This is brought out to commemorate its winning the Newbery Medal last year. This medal is offered yearly for the best book for young people; this year it was awarded to a story called *The Dark Frigate*, by Charles Hawes (Atlantic Monthly Press) who was just coming to recognition as the foremost writer for young people in the literature of the sea, when last year he died. *The Dark Frigate* is a book for you by all means to read, another of those books with beautiful English but even more memorable for the quality of vision that it has and that it gives.

The Childrens Bookshop
2 East Pleasant St.
Baltimore, Md.

A Bookshop for Boys and Girls.
Books of the best, for every age, and at every price.

Say to your father "Be a brick and buy one"



The Way in Scoutville

In Brooklyn—

Official headquarters for Scout clothing and accessories is in Brooklyn's largest Store — where a special department awaits you.

ABRAHAM & STRAUS INC.
BROOKLYN

Girl Scouts, Listen!

WHEN in Scranton, remember we are sole agents for Girl Scout equipment. We are serving Girl Scouts just as we have been serving your brother Boy Scouts for years and years.

Samter Bros. Co.
Scranton, Pa.

Girl Scouts, Attention!

WE want you to know that this store is official headquarters for Washington, and when you come in for Scout Apparel or Equipment, you will find a royal welcome.

The Hecht Co.

7th Street, at F Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C.

Consider Your Feet

HAVE you ever stopped to think of your feet as delicately adjusted machines, a neat system of fulcrums and levers for lifting your weight and balancing your body? There are 26 bones in the ankle, in-step and toes or 52 in both feet. It behooves us to take care of this nicely precise mechanism, for ailing feet can darken our lives. Aching arches and legs and back result in fatigue or lowered energy and resistance—and an important consideration—nervous irritability. How much crossness do you suppose is due to high heels and sagging, if not falling, arches?

First in the care of the feet is the wearing of the right shoes. This, too, is a preventive measure. Your's need not be an ugly shoe, nor one inconsistent with style. The right walking shoe will, however, give room for the toes to do their intended work of spreading and pressing, almost gripping the ground. This insures balance and an easy, poised, swinging walk, not a hobble. How many people that you know walk gracefully? Practice a little test on those that don't. Look at their shoes. Are they correctly shod?

The heel of a walking shoe should be comfortably low, so that the whole body—especially the back with its delicately special frame work—will not be thrown out of kilter. And very important is the straight, or nearly straight inner line of the sole. In walking try not to turn your toes out. The tracks of the Indians and of good woodsmen are nearly parallel.

Wear comfortable well fitting stockings, neither too short nor too long or wide. Woolen stockings are best for sports and hiking. If your feet are aching and tired try exercising them by tiptoeing twenty or thirty times night and morning or doing a special set of foot exercises prescribed by the doctor.

A Girl Scout, like a soldier, is no better than her feet. Keep your feet young and springy and you will go far to keeping your mind, as well as your body, young and springy.

Jordan Marsh Company

Official Headquarters
in
Boston
for Scout Apparel
and Accessories

A Special Section, devoted to Girl and Boy Scout Equipment is located on the Third Floor, Main Store.

Cincinnati Headquarters for Girl Scouts

This big, bright, beautiful store is official headquarters for the Girl Scouts in Cincinnati. All your official requirements very readily taken care of on the second floor of Cincinnati's Greatest Sporting Goods Store

**The
Bolles-Brendamour
Co.**

130-135 E. Sixth St.

The Golden Rule

Official Headquarters in
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Now is the time to earn money
for your Headquarters Bricks.

Why not rent

"The Golden Eaglet"

film and have a moving picture benefit? Write "The American Girl" for particulars.

Patronize the equipment agent in your town

A collar that gently hugs the neck and conforms neatly to the slope of the neck into the shoulders.

Shoulders neither too wide nor too narrow—in short, your shoulders.

Sleeve length that covers the wrist of the long armed and *not* the finger tips of the short armed.

A skirt that neither hikes nor dips, but hangs evenly to your figure.

Where Custom Tailoring Tells On a Captain's Uniform

CAPTAINS, there are certain touches on a serge uniform that can be achieved only through Custom Tailoring—in a uniform made to conform to the lines of *your* figure. The snug fit of a shoulder, the trim set of a collar, the length of the sleeve, the hang of a skirt—these are the points that best tell whether a uniform was made to *your* measure, or to that of the average figure.

Ridabock *Custom Tailored* Uniforms meet these requirements. They are fashioned of finest olive drab serge, with all the touches that careful tailoring can give. For samples and prices

Write to

RIDABOCK & CO.

149-151 West 36th Street

New York City

Tell our advertisers, "I saw it in 'The American Girl' "

Magic Gold Pieces

(Continued from page 34)

hungry, to have eaten the apples, too, when they knew they were for supper. (Shrugs her shoulders.) Well, it saves me the trouble of peeling them, anyway. (She carries the dish and the wooden basin to the cupboard. Upon coming back again to the table, she catches sight of the bundle, and picks it up, curiously.) What's this? (Dusts off her hands): It's awfully dusty. It doesn't belong to me. And I'm sure it isn't one of the girls'. (Sits down on the right hand chair and begins untying it.) I wonder how it happened to get here. (Holds up the ragged shirt and the torn sock.) An old shirt! And a man's sock! Both terribly ragged, too. Whose can they be? (Takes up the orange handkerchief.) A nice color. (Suddenly her eyes widen.) Why, I believe—yes—Sue did say the man they met on the road had a bundle wrapped in an orange handkerchief. She said he was ragged, too. And these clothes are ragged enough. Suppose they are his! (She is silent for a minute.) If they are—why then, he must have been here after all! And I didn't see him—or hear him tell about the gold pieces. He sat in this very chair. Hester pointed to him. But when I looked it was empty. Why couldn't I have seen him, too! (She buries her head in her arms.) If only I knew which way they went, so that I could follow. (She gets up and goes toward the door, looking out toward the road.) But it probably wouldn't do any good, anyway. Jane said the reason I couldn't see him was "loose ends." (As she stands there, the Man is heard singing.)

The sun is down at the crossroads,

And the moon's coming up through the trees.

Looking our way, each will pleasantly say,

"Won't you give us some gold pieces, please?"

LINDA (Comes back into the room): It's so quiet and lonely here. I wish—(She stops as a sudden thought strikes her.) I wonder if I could? Jane said if I only had finished one thing I might have seen him. (She picks up her work-bag and rummages through it, bringing out a table cover.) This wouldn't do. It will take weeks to finish. (She pulls out a centerpiece.) And I haven't any more blue thread for this. (Next comes the handkerchief.) They would be miles away by the time I got the lace sewed on. Oh! is there nothing I—(She pulls out the man's shirt.) Why, only the buttons need to go on this. Perhaps if I hurry and sew very quickly—(She gets her buttons, thread and needle out of her bag and begins to sew.) If only I can finish in time to catch them! I'll take this to him, instead of his old shirt. (While she is working, the song is heard again, from a distance.)

There'll be people to see at the crossroads,

The friends that you love the best,
The way isn't long; just follow my song,

(Continued on page 46)



One of the many illustrations in the Nature Notebooks

LEARN TO BE A Bird, Tree and Flower Finder

NEW Girl Scout Nature Notebooks show you the way. Full new requirements for these three badges, prepared by Dr. Bertha Chapman Cady and published by the Comstock Publishing Company, are sold by Girl Scouts, Inc. You may purchase each of the projects separately, or the three together, with a handy Girl Scout loose-leaf binder. Contain note sheets for questions and answers and abundant charts for coloring.

Prices

| | |
|----------------------------|-----|
| Bird Finder Project..... | 40c |
| Tree Finder Project..... | 40c |
| Flower Finder Project..... | 40c |
| Cover | 30c |

Nature Notebook Complete with Three projects and cover, \$1.50

Sold only by

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City



Be Prepared
Own a
Girl Scout Knife

With a good keen knife at your belt you will be prepared for emergencies on the hike. An official Girl Scout knife is made of finest, keenest steel. It is more than a knife; with its can opener, bottle opener, punch blade, and screw driver; it is almost a tool chest. Made by Dwight Divine and Sons, Ulster Knife Co.

Sold only by

GIRL SCOUTS, INC.

670 Lexington Avenue

New York City

Starting next month — an Athletics page



Now it Will Go!

When 3-in-One oil reaches the point of friction in a sewing machine bearing, friction dies immediately. Instead of groaning and hanging back, needle and shuttle take wings and fly like the wind. The tread runs free and easy and sewing becomes a joy.

3-in-One oil

is the greatest oil in the world for sewing machines and all fine mechanisms—try it and see. Sold in drug, grocery, hardware and general stores. 1 oz., 10c; 3 oz., 25c; 8 oz., (1/2 pt.) 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3 1/2 oz., 25c. If not with your dealer, we will send one of these cans by parcel post full of 3-in-One oil for 30c.



FREE—A generous sample and the 3-in-One Dictionary by mail.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
161 Broadway New York

Plays for Girls

The Taming of Horrors.

Girl Scout comedy. One act. Sixteen characters. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

Converting Mrs. Noshuns.

Play for Girl Scouts. Prologue and two acts. Large cast. 30 cents. (No royalty.)
(Both these plays first published by THE AMERICAN GIRL)

The Honor of the Class.

Sketch for girls. One act. Six to twelve girls. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

Mrs. Oakley's Telephone.

Comedy. One act. Four characters. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

Mechanical Jane.

Comedy. One act. Bright play for three girls. 30 cents. (Royalty play.)

Between the Soup and Savoury.

Comedy. One act. Excellent fun for three characters. 30 cents. (Royalty play.)

Our Aunt from California.

Farce. One act. Always popular. Six characters. 30 cents. (No royalty.)

Send for our new catalog describing hundreds of other plays especially adapted to girls' schools and clubs.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Incorporated 1898

T. R. Edwards, Managing Director
25 West 45th St., New York City

PLAYS

For Boy Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, For the Home or School Room. Dialogs, Speakers, Monologs, Minstrel Opening Choruses and Blackface Plays, Recitations, Drills. How to Stage a Play, Make-up, Catalogue FREE.
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 27 CHICAGO

(Continued from page 45)

And go by the path that leads west.
(At the word, "best" in the second line, Linda snaps off her thread and holds up the shirt.) "It's finished! It's finished!" (Then she stops and listens. As soon as the song ends, she jumps up joyfully.) I heard him! I heard him! (Runs over to the birdcage.) Jerry, I really heard him! (Quickly, she goes back to the table and wraps the sock and the new shirt in the handkerchief, singing.)
The way isn't long; just follow my song,
And go by the path that leads west.
(On the last line, she runs out, the bundle under her arm.)

Scene II

When the curtain rises again, you are to imagine yourself at a dusty country crossroads. The sun is just going down behind a row of poplars, and the tall grass in the meadow close by is waving ever so slightly in the faint, twilight breeze.

The Man and the children enter.

THE MAN: Well, here we are. And it's almost time for me to wish.

SUE: Can we see them rain from the clouds?

THE MAN: No. They're invisible until I take them from my pockets. (He looks up toward the sky gazing intently, probably at one of the clouds that is going to rain down the gold pieces. Other girls come in—all who are to receive badges—and Hester and Ann and the rest talk to them in whispers, obviously explaining what the man is doing.)

THE MAN: They're coming. I feel my pockets growing heavier and heavier.

JANE (excitedly, to the rest): They're coming he says! (Linda rushes in, breathless, with the bundle in her hand.)

CONNIE: Here's Linda!

LINDA (holding out the bundle to the Man): You left your bundle.

THE MAN: So I did! How careless of me! My entire wardrobe is in it too.

LINDA: I sewed some buttons on a shirt I made, and put it in, in place of your torn one.

THE MAN: May the fairies bless you! I've needed a new shirt for a long time. There! I just felt a gold piece drop in my right-hand pocket for you.

ANN: I'm glad you came in time, Linda, before the wishing stopped.

LINDA (to the Man): Am I really going to get a gold piece?

THE MAN: Everybody here gets one. Evidently, you've all done something to deserve a reward.

SUE (to Linda): You see him now! He was true after all.

LINDA: I know. He was there all the time. It was the loose ends that kept me from seeing him. I wonder if I miss other things too, because of them?

THE MAN: Now my pockets are full. The gold pieces are all here.

CONNIE: Will you let us see one?

THE MAN: Close your eyes, everybody, and hold out your right hand. Don't look until I say "three." (They all stand in a row, with closed eyes and outstretched hands. The man quickly

places a gold piece in the hand of each girl, then runs to the side of the stage.)

THE MAN: Remember! Not until the "three"! One—two—(Between the "two and the three," he dodges behind a tree, which, by the way, isn't a tree at all, but a fold in the curtains. The girls open their eyes and look at what is in their hands.)

SUE: Why, they aren't gold pieces at all! They're our Merit Badges!

JANE: How could he have known about them? (They look around as though to ask the Man.)

CONNIE: Oh, he's gone! (The Man laughs.)

LINDA (pointing to him): No. He's behind that tree. (They all look toward him.)

JANE: Won't you please tell us who you are?

THE MAN: My name doesn't matter a bit. It's what brings me that counts.

SUE AND ANN: Will you come again?

THE MAN: Perhaps. That depends on you.

HESTER: But we must call you something. Haven't you a name?

LINDA: We might call you the Gold Piece Man.

THE MAN: That will do very nicely. (He bows with a flourish of his hat, and sings):

And so I am dubbed "The Gold Piece Man,"

But call me whatever you will,
If you pipe to the tune of a task well-done,

I'll come dancing over the hill.

It wouldn't matter if you forgot

My name, and my face as well,

As long as you all can hear my song

I'll come to you. Now, farewell!

(As he says "farewell" he waves his hand and disappears.)

Curtain

A Party Dress

(Continued from page 21)

world. We must rush to school and to games and to meals, and we have to give up some of the graces of living. But when we have guests, or when we are guests, then we put on our gayest dresses to show our friends how happy we are to be with them, and then we can be our really truly princess selves."

"A party dress for a princess," she said over again on the night of the party as she and Mollie and Felicia went down the stairs together. Somehow you just couldn't call her Beanie in that pale pink frock. And Mollie, too, was like a slender yellow daffodil.

"And every one is a royal person," Bobs thought, her eyes shining, "because they are letting themselves be just as beautiful and generous and gracious as they really are."

The pattern Bobs chose for her party dress was a *Woman's Home Companion* pattern, No. 4470. It is the picture you see with this story. You may order it in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20 from The Pattern Department, *Woman's Home Companion*, 381 Fourth Ave., New York City, price 25c, or in Department Stores.

Early in 1925—our best contest yet—Renew!

GIRLS! BIG STAMP BARGAIN ONLY TO APPLICANTS FOR STAMP ON APPROVAL

We will send as premium for 2 cents (regular price twenty-five cents) 1 set Airplane stamps, 10 blank approval sheets, 1 small stamp book, 1 stamp wallet, 1 perforation gauge, 250 hinges, 1 triangle stamp, Packet of stamps from Abyssinia, Africa, Nyassa, Georgia, Turkey, etc., and price list.

PIKES PEAK STAMP CO.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

PRECANCELS

The Newest and Most Fascinating Stamp Hobby—25 different Chicago for 10c; 25 diff. Philadelphia for 12c; 25 diff. New York for 10c; 20 diff. Kansas City for 15c; 15 diff. St. Louis for 15c; 10 diff. Indianapolis for 12c; 25 diff. Boston for 20c; 9 diff. Concord Junction, Mass. for 15c; 12 diff. Minneapolis for 18c; 11 diff. St. Paul for 18c; 17 diff. San Francisco for 12c; 23 diff. Cleveland for 16c; 35 diff. Cincinnati for 20c. All 13 cities totaling \$1.90 for \$1.35. A nice selection of our approvals sent with each order and instructions on how to collect them.

ROTHEN STAMP CO.
803 Washington Ave., S.E., Minneapolis, Minn.

BULGARIA.

28 to 37 compl., 22c. 57 to 65..... 15c
89-97, 35c. *70-72 compl. 30c
104-111 compl., 20c. 112..... 3c
114-121a compl., 14c. 122-129 compl. 22c
130-133 compl., 8c. 134-146 compl. 22c
*147-152 compl., 35c; used..... 35c
153-157 compl., 10c. 158-162a..... 9c
*168-176 compl., 35c; used..... 35c
178-179, 3c. 251-260 compl. 42c
372-375, 18c. 377-381 compl. 34c
382-390 compl., 25c. Roumania, 751-754 16c
PAUL SCHLIPPE, 508 E. 6th St., New York

FOR SALE

300 Surprise packages, containing 25 different stamps, one catalog 8c to \$1.75. 10c while they last in Canada and U. S. A. only.

Pierre R. Drolet

60a Second Ave., Verdun, Que., Can.

GIRLS SENSATIONAL 8c OFFER! 7

German stamps with (prewar) value over 40 million dollars (great curiosity); 1 fine stamp from *smallest republic on earth*; 1 airplane set; 1 triangle stamp, packet 25 diff. Hungary, cat. 50c; 1 perf. gauge; and last but not least, a *rest pocket stock book* in which to keep your duplicates! The big \$\$ outfit postpaid for only 8 cents to applicants for my famous QUICK SERVICE APPROVALS. Big Price List free to approval applicants.
D. M. WARD, 608 Buchanan St., Gary, Ind.

FRENCH COLONIES FREE

Nice set French Colonies, including Pictures of Wild Animals, Native Chiefs, African Scenery, etc. Big price list of 1000 Genuine Stamp Bargains and Copy of our latest Catalogue and Stamp Albums. Special Packets and Supplies, all for 2c. postage.

EMPIRE STAMP CO.

350 Lippincott St. Toronto, Canada

OH, GIRLS, LOOK!

One set Latvia + 8 varieties, 1 set Rhine and Ruhr, 10 var., both unused, and a perforation gauge FREE to approval applicants, 1000 peelable hinges 11c. 4 unused German 10-20-50-200 Mil. Mk., only 5c.
VANANCY STAMP CO.
1644 S. Karlov Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Yes,

National Headquarters has moved and with it "The American Girl." Our new address?

670 Lexington Avenue,
New York City.

Stamps

By WILBUR F. CANNON

If you wish any help in collecting stamps, if you wish any of your stamps identified, or if you desire to begin collecting stamps (and thus secure 50 varieties from all over the world, and a booklet *How to Collect Stamps* without charge) write to the editor of this department, Wilbur F. Cannon 1413 Carey Avenue, Davenport, 5, Iowa, enclosing two cents for return postage. He will answer your questions, and will help you in all ways possible. This service is free to readers of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

On August 11-14 stamp collectors from all over the world, belonging to the American Philatelic Society, gathered at Detroit, Michigan to hold their annual convention. THE AMERICAN GIRL had a representative at these meetings.

On August 11 there was an exhibition, at which more than a million dollars worth of stamps were displayed. One man had a collection just of Harding Precancel stamps, from more than 2000 different cities. Another man had a copy of practically every German Colonial stamp, in both used and unused condition. Another man had entire, unused sheets of many old Canadian stamps. More than forty different collections were shown.

Another evening there was an auction sale of stamps at which thousands of dollars worth of stamps were sold. On August 13 there was a Stamp Bourse, at which almost every one bought and sold stamps. This continued until after midnight, and many choice items changed hands. Between meetings, features, displays, and the like, there were numerous social functions. This will give you some very small idea of what a stamp convention is like.

On the Sunday before the convention opened Jackie Coogan came to Detroit, and he stopped at Hotel Statler, the convention headquarters. One member, who had come to Detroit a day early, found out that Jackie was in town. He went out, bought a stamp album, and a packet of stamps. These he took up to Jackie's room. For more than an hour that Sunday afternoon Jackie sorted out the stamps, and placed them in his album, and he said he enjoyed it. Jackie is now going on with his stamp collecting.

Jackie Coogan finds lots of pleasure in stamp collecting. You will too, if you will make a serious trial of it. THE AMERICAN GIRL is ready and willing to help you with it. See our offer at the top of this column.

IRELAND

These stamps are going to prove quite scarce, as they were issued in limited quantities. The following collections are exceptional offers:
Two different, scarce Irish.....10c
Six different, scarcer Irish.....15c
Ten different, rare Irish.....35c

GERMANY

The new million and billion values are out! The following are all unused:
One, two, four, five, ten, twenty, fifty and one hundred MILLION mark value, ea. 10c
Five hundred million and one billion mark value each 15c
Or, the ten different stamps for..... 50c

COLLECTIONS

All the following come from every part of the world, and each stamp is "worth while":
50 different.....10c 200 different.....20c
300 different.....35c 500 different.....50c
1000 all different, catalog value \$20-\$25, \$1.75
Larger packets, up to 20,000 assembled to order.

Every stamp we sell is guaranteed genuine, and the prices quoted are postpaid.

With every order we will include without additional charge a coupon good for \$1 worth of stamps, free, and our wholesale price-list.

WILBUR F. CANNON AND CO.
1413 Carey Ave., Davenport, 5, Iowa

PICTORIAL STAMPS!

My "Distinction" Packet contains 100 fine varieties used and unused stamps, including Paraguay, Peso values. U. S. Golden Gate, Buffalo, Jamaica pictorials, etc., 25c. Free set Ukraine Pictorials to approval applicants.

D. BRUCE, 2518—15A Street, N.W.
Calgary, Alberta, Canada

GIRLS!! I have the best Approvals on Earth, Nyassa, Congo, Zanzibar, South America, Africa, and all over the World. Write me for a Premium.
MARLOWE STAMP CO.
2728 E. North Indianapolis, Ind.



158 Genuine Foreign Stamps
—Mexico War Issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemala, China, etc. **ONLY..... 5c**

Finest approval sheets, 50 to 60%. Agents Wanted. Big 72-p. Lists Free. We Buy Stamps. Established 25 years.
HUUSMAN STAMP CO., Dept. 172, St. Louis, Mo.

50 var. Scandinavian stamps. .10c
25 var. Greece stamps.10c
and a free packet of different English or Canadian stamps.

PHIL. LUNDSTED

Cape Cottage Maine

ANCHER'S \$\$\$ OUTFIT—ONLY 12c!

Fine triangle stamp; set German stamps with (prewar) value of forty million dollars (interesting!); perforation gauge and mme. scale; small album; 3 approval sheets; 1 air-mail set; scarce stamp from smallest republic on earth; 1 newspaper set; packet good stamps from Transvaal, Johore, Dutch Indies, etc., etc.—entire outfit for 12c to approval applicants! Extra premium this month only:
Nice pocket stock book, val. 25c, with every order

ANCHER STAMP CO.
3a Monticello Avenue Jersey City, N. J.

TWO DOLLAR CAT. VALUE FOR 6 CENTS

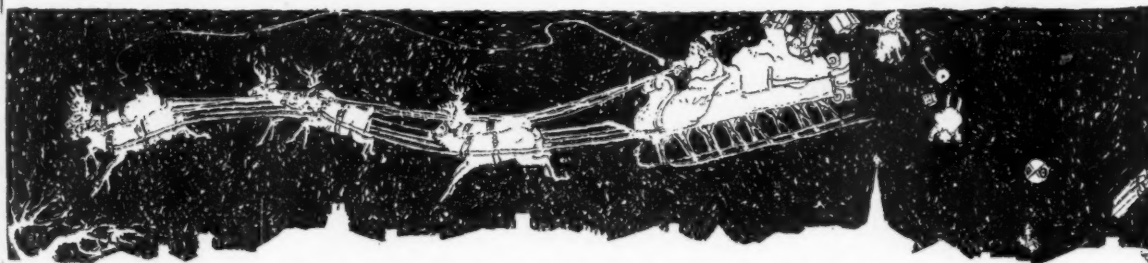
100 diff. stamps, includ. Flume (triangle), set German Air Mail, French Colo. pictorials (Tiger, etc.) for 6 cents to approval applicants. Perf. gauge and price list free.

PATHE STAMP CO.
521 Woodward Ave. Atlanta, Ga.

Do not miss our fine big Christmas issue

More pages, more stories, more articles, more pictures.

Coming—an adventure story, "The Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter"



Standard Price List for Girl Scout Equipment

Effective October 1, 1924

Uniforms

| | Size | Price | | Size | Price | | Size | Price |
|--------------------------|-------|---------|-------------------------------|--------------------|-------|-----------------------------|-------|--------|
| Long Coat..... | 10-18 | \$3.50 | Hats, Officer's | 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ -8 | 3.75 | Black Silk | | |
| | 38-42 | 4.00 | Hats, Scout..... | 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -8 | 1.50 | Puttees, Women's sizes..... | | \$2.00 |
| Short Coat Suit..... | 10-18 | 4.50 | Canvas Leggings, Pair..... | | 1.00 | Girls' sizes | | 2.00 |
| | 38-42 | 5.00 | Web Belt | 28-38 | .60 | Sweater—Slip-over type | 10-14 | 6.50 |
| Skirt | 10-42 | 2.00 | | 40-42 | .75 | | 16-22 | 7.00 |
| Bloomers | 10-42 | 2.25 | Leather for officers.. | 28-38 | 2.50 | Coat type | 10-14 | 7.50 |
| Knickers | 10-42 | 2.50 | Middy—Official khaki . | 10-40 | 1.75 | | 16-22 | 8.00 |
| Norfolk Suits—Officer's: | | | Neckerchiefs, each | | .40 | Waterproof Coats, sizes | 10-20 | 7.50 |
| Khaki, light weight. | 34-42 | 7.00 | Colors: Green, purple, dark | | | | 40-42 | 9.00 |
| Khaki, heavy weight | 34-42 | \$15.00 | blue, light blue, khaki, pale | | | Waterproof Capes, sizes | 10-20 | 7.50 |
| Serge | 34-42 | 37.50 | yellow, cardinal, black, and | | | | 40-42 | 9.00 |
| | | | yellow. | | | | | |

Badges

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------|--|----------------------------|--------|--|-----------------------------|--------|
| x Attendance Stars | | | x Life Saving Crosses | | | x Second Class Badge..... | \$0.15 |
| Gold | \$0.20 | | Silver | \$1.75 | | x * Thanks Badge | |
| Silver | .15 | | Bronze | 1.50 | | Heavy gold plate with bar.. | 3.00 |
| x First Class Badge..... | .25 | | x * Medal of Merit..... | 1.00 | | Gold Plate Pins..... | .75 |
| x Flower Crests | .15 | | x Proficiency Badges | .15 | | Silver Plate | .75 |

Pins

| | | | | | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------|--|-----------------------------|--------|--|------------------------------|--------|
| x Brownie | \$0.25 | | x Lapels—G. S.—Bronze..... | \$0.50 | | Gold Filled (safety catch).. | \$0.75 |
| x Committee | .75 | | x Tenderfoot Pins | | | New plain type..... | .15 |
| x * Community Service | .25 | | 10K Gold (safety catch).... | 3.00 | | Old style plain pin..... | .08 |
| x * Golden Eaglet | 1.50 | | | | | | |

Insignia

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------|--------|--|-------------------------------|--------|--|--------------------------------|--------|
| x Armband | \$0.15 | | x Ex-Patrol Leader's Chevron. | \$0.20 | | x Lapels—G. S., for Scouts.... | \$0.20 |
| x Corporal Chevron | .10 | | x Hat Insignia (for Captain's | | | x Patrol Leader's Chevron.... | .15 |
| | | | hat) | .50 | | | |

Songs

| | | | | | | | |
|--------------------------------|--------|--|----------------------------|--------|--|------------------------------|--------|
| America, the Beautiful..... | \$0.05 | | Girl Scout Songs | | | Oh, Beautiful Country..... | .05 |
| Are You There..... | .10 | | Vocal Booklet | \$0.10 | | On the Trail: | |
| Enrollment | .10 | | Piano Edition..... | .30 | | Piano edition | \$0.60 |
| Everybody Ought to be a Scov | .15 | | Girl Scout Song Sheet..... | .04 | | Midget Size | .05 |
| First National Training School | .25 | | Lots of 10 or more..... | .03 | | Lots of 10 or more..... | .02 |
| Girl Guide | .60 | | Goodnight | .15 | | Onward | .10 |
| Girl Scouts Are True..... | .15 | | Hiking On | .30 | | To America | .25 |
| | | | | | | Be Prepared. Girl Guide Song | .35 |

Flags

| American Flags | | | (x) Troop Flags | | | (x) Troop Flags (continued) | | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|--------|-----------------------------------|----------|--------|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|--------|
| Size | Material | Price | Size | Material | Price | | | Price |
| 2x3 ft. | Wool | \$2.70 | 2x3 ft. | Wool.. | \$2.50 | Lettering | Semaphore Flags (extra), per | |
| 3x5 ft. | Wool | 3.50 | 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ x4 ft. | Wool.. | 4.00 | 10c per letter | pair | .75 |
| 4x6 ft. | Wool | 4.50 | 3x5 ft. | Wool.. | 5.50 | 15c " " | (x) Troop Pennants | |
| 3x5 ft. | 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches | 4.50 | 4x6 ft. | Wool.. | 8.00 | 20c " " | Lettered with any Troop No.. | \$1.50 |
| | | | | | | | Staffs | |
| G. S. Felt Emblems (separate) | | | Flag Set | | \$1.25 | 1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spiral | | |
| 3x4 | | 35c | Includes: | | | G. S. Emblem.... | \$6.50 | |
| 4x5 | | 40c | 1 pr. Morse Code Flags Jointed | | | 1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Eagle. | 4.90 | |
| 6x7 | | 45c | 6-ft. Staff | | | 1 in. x 7 ft. Jointed with Spear. | 3.40 | |
| 7x10..... | | 55c | 1 pr. Semaphore Flags, Heavy | | | G. S. Emblem—separate..... | 3.60 | |
| | | | web carrying case | | | Eagle Emblem—separate | 2.50 | |
| | | | Single Morse Code Flag-staff, not | | | Spear Emblem—separate | 1.50 | |
| | | | jointed | | .60 | Flag Carrier..... | 2.50 | |

NOTE: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

SPECIAL NOTE—These prices are subject to change without notice.
* Sold only on Approval of the Committee on Standards and Awards.

Earn Your Own Money in

Standard Price List Continued

| Literature | | Price |
|---|--------|-------|
| Brownie Books | \$0.25 | |
| Brownie Pamphlet | .15 | |
| Brownie Report | .75 | |
| * Blue Book of Rules | .25 | |
| Camping Out, L. H. Weir | 2.00 | |
| Campward Ho! | .75 | |
| Camp and Field Notebooks— | | |
| 3 Projects complete with cover | 1.50 | |
| Project separate | .40 | |
| Cover | .30 | |
| Captain's Field Notebook | 1.25 | |
| Community Service Booklet— | | |
| Each | .10 | |
| Per dozen | 1.00 | |
| First Aid Book— | | |
| General Edition | .50 | |
| Woman's Edition | .25 | |
| Girl Guide Book of Games | .50 | |
| Health Record Books, each | .10 | |
| Per dozen | 1.00 | |
| Handbook, Cloth Board Cover | 1.00 | |
| Flexible Cloth Cover | .75 | |
| English Girl Guide | .75 | |
| Home Service Booklet, each | .10 | |
| Per dozen | 1.00 | |
| * Introductory Training Course | .15 | |
| Life Saving Booklet | .15 | |
| Measurement Cards | .05 | |
| Ye Andrée Logge | .75 | |
| A Girl Scout Pageant | .50 | |
| Spirit of Girlhood, by Florence Howard. | | |
| * Punched for Field Notebook. | | |
| Patrol Register, each | .15 | |
| Patrol System for Girl Guides | .25 | |
| Play (By Mrs. B. O. Edey) | .15 | |
| In lots of 10 or more | .10 | |
| 2 Plays (By Oleda Schrottky) | | |
| A Pot of Red Geraniums | .15 | |
| Why the Rubbish? | .15 | |
| Post Cards— | | |
| Set of six (Silhouette) | .10 | |
| 1 dozen sets | 1.00 | |
| Single cards | .02 | |
| Set of four (Colored) (Fall, Winter, Spring, | | |
| Summer. Sets cannot be broken) | .20 | |
| Posters— | | |
| Girl Scout poster (large) | .20 | |
| Girl Scout poster (small) | .10 | |
| Set of 7 Child Welfare Posters | 6.85 | |
| Single copies, each | 1.00 | |
| Producing Amateur Entertainments, Helen Ferris .. | 2.50 | |
| Signal Charts | .15 | |
| Lots of 10 or more | .10 | |
| Scout Laws | | |
| Poster size | .50 | |
| Small size | .15 | |
| Postcard size | .05 | |
| Scout Mastership | 1.50 | |
| Troop Management Course | .75 | |
| Troop Register | 2.00 | |
| Additional Sheets | | |
| Individual Record | .03 | |
| Field Note Book size | .01 | |
| Attendance Record | .03 | |
| Cash Records, 6 | .03 | |

Miscellaneous Equipment

| | | |
|--|--------|-------------------|
| Axe, with Sheath | \$1.50 | |
| Belt Hooks, extra | .05 | |
| Blankets—4-pound Grey | 6.00 | |
| Bugle | 3.50 | |
| Braid—1/4-inch wide, yard | .10 | |
| x Buttons—Per set | .25 | |
| 10s—6 1 to set—dozen sets | 2.75 | |
| Camp Toilet Kit | 2.25 | |
| Canteen, Aluminum | 2.75 | |
| Tin | 1.50 | |
| Compass, Plain | 1.00 | |
| Radiolite Dial | 1.50 | |
| Cuts— | | |
| Training Girl | 1.00 | |
| Trefoil | .75 | |
| First Aid Kit with Pouch | 1.25 | |
| Iodine Antiseptic Pen, extra | .50 | |
| First Aid Kit, No. 1 | 2.80 | |
| Flashlights, Small size | 1.35 | |
| Large size | 1.65 | |
| Handkerchiefs—Scout emblem: | | |
| Linen | .40 | |
| Cotton | .25 | |
| Haversacks, No. 1 | 2.75 | |
| No. 2 | 1.50 | |
| Shoulder Protection Straps, per pair | .25 | |
| x Khaki, Official Scout, 36 in. wide | .35 | |
| Heavy, for Officers, 28 in. wide | .55 | |
| Knives, No. 1 | 1.50 | |
| No. 2 | 1.00 | |
| Mess Kit, No. 1 Aluminum, 6 pieces | 3.50 | |
| Mirror—Unbreakable | .25 | |
| x Patterns— | | |
| Coat, Skirt or Bloomers, 10-42 | .15 | |
| Norfolk Suit, 34-42 | .25 | |
| Poncho (45x72) | \$3.25 | |
| " (60x82) | 4.50 | |
| Rings, Silver, 3 to 9 | 1.50 | |
| 10K Gold, 3 to 9 | 4.00 | |
| Rope, 4 ft. by 1/4 in. | .15 | |
| Lots of 5 or more, each | .10 | |
| Guide, 15 ft., ring for belt | .50 | |
| Serge, O. D., 54 in. wide, per yard | 4.75 | |
| Sewing Kit, Tin Case | .25 | |
| Aluminum Case | .50 | |
| Scout Stationery | .50 | |
| Scout Stickers, per dozen | .05 | |
| Stockings, Cotton, sizes 8-11 | .50 | |
| Sun Watch | 1.25 | |
| Transfer Seals, 2 for | .05 | |
| Thread, Khaki spool | .15 | |
| Per dozen spools | 1.20 | |
| x Uniform Make-Up Sets— | | |
| Long Coat Uniform | .65 | |
| 1 Long Coat Pattern | | Give pattern size |
| 1 Pair Lapels | | |
| 1 Spool of Thread | | |
| 1 Set of Buttons | | |
| Two Piece Uniform | .30 | |
| 1 Short Coat Pattern | | Give pattern size |
| 1 Skirt Pattern | | |
| 1 Pair Lapels | | |
| 1 Spool of Thread | | |
| 1 Set of Buttons | | |
| No make-up sets for middies and bloomers | | |
| Whistles | .20 | |
| Wrist Watch, Radiolite | 4.50 | |

Important Instructions for Ordering Equipment

1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items marked with an x.
5. Hats are not returnable. See order blank for size.

Mail all Orders to

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

670 Lexington Avenue, New York City

Our Earn-Your-Own Club



ALONG the EDITOR'S TRAIL

In which the Editor makes you some promises

SUCH FUN! The very kind of letters for which your Editor was hoping. What letters? Why, the What-I-Wish-In-My-Magazine Contest letters, of course, with ballots telling which pages you like best. There was something else in those letters, too, which delighted your Editor. There was a spirit of helpfulness and understanding which showed that you realize how a Girl Scout magazine must please the many kinds of Girl Scouts and that, sometimes, what does not interest you yourself is very popular indeed with hundreds of other girls. I wish you all might read the letters. One story which many girls voted most popular of all, other girls said they liked *least*. All of which makes being Editor of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* a real Scouting game.

What did you vote for? Stories, of course! Many of you said that our September issue was best of all because it had more stories in it. There were more stories, too, in our October issue. And there are going to be more stories every month from now on, just as many as we can possibly squeeze in.

What kind of stories are we going to have? The very kinds you asked for! Mystery stories received the greatest number of votes. Well, we have some ready for you. There is our serial by Jane Abbott, *Laughing Last*, which grows more mysterious with every installment! Our friend, Augusta Huiell Seaman, has written us a two part story which will start in our next issue called *Melissy's Music Box*. It's a Christmas mystery. And others will come along, one after the other.

Next most popular were Boarding School and Adventure stories. We have them ready, too. In December, Ethel Cook Eliot's *A Christmas Miracle* has three boarding school girls for heroines. And Augusta Huiell Seaman has given us a combination that you can't beat—a boarding school mystery, *The Affair at Miss Bagley's*. *Jenny Sets a Trap*, by Ruth Cochran, is a story of a robbery and a brave girl, a thrilling adventure with a candle gleaming in darkness.

Read here what's coming

in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*

Then ask your mother to renew or subscribe for you

As a Christmas present

Give it to your cousins or friends, too

So many of you asked for Girl Scout stories. You said, too, that you consider Edith Ballinger Price's Scout stories our very best. Here is good news! She has written us a Girl Scout serial which will start not many months from now (when you renew, you will have it during that year's subscription!) with the Chipmunk Patrol in it, Lucky Penny for heroine, a founding baby and—a mystery! Aren't we fortunate to have Miss Price for a Girl Scout?

Other delightful stories are waiting for you—a high school story by Katharine Haviland Taylor, *Janette and Jack* is but one of them. Jack was the star forward on the basketball team. And Janette was one of the most popular girls in school.

Next most popular after stories were Girl Scout news and pictures. If you could only come in and see for yourself the fascinating Girl Scout pages that are coming! Pictures and pictures and pictures! Girl Scout troop meetings, Merit Badge pages, Scout cabins and camps, parties, hikes, Nature pages. Sometimes, we wish we could put them all in at once, they are so interesting. Never mind, they're surely coming!

Stories and news of girls in other countries. We are going to have more of them than ever before. But most important of all comes our International Number in March. Already we have received pictures from girls all over the world. The Girl Scouts who went to our International Camp in England this summer and Mrs. Low have sent us

pictures and stories about that. Sir Robert Baden-Powell has sent us all a special message. You will love our March issue.

Now about some of your suggestions for new kinds of pages or for more of certain other kinds. The many girls who vote for articles and stories about what girls can do after they finish high school or college will be happy to hear that we are going to have a whole series of them about young women who are doing very interesting kinds of work. Alice Mary Kimball who knows just what you wish to know about each one has written these story-articles and you will like them all.

Handicraft Pages—yes, ever so many of you asked for more of them. You shall have them. Our Handicraft Editor is to be a woman who knows how to make lovely things you are certain to like. Her name is Patten Beard.

Athletics! You want an Athletics Page almost more than anything else, your ballots say. You shall have it, too. Our January issue is going to be a Winter Sports Number. None of you will want to miss our article on winter sports in girls' colleges. After January, we have the nicest plans! Basketball and—but there! We must save something for a surprise.

Can't you imagine why the Editor, reading your letters and seeing the many pages which you wish to have every month, sighs and sighs for more pages in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*? For it isn't merely a matter of ordering more paper and so having a larger magazine.

If every Girl Scout were to subscribe, we could give you every one of these fascinating pages, every month



P. S. The answer is, "Subscribe for yourself, don't just borrow the magazine. Ask your friends to subscribe. Join the Earn-Your-Own Club, see page 32. And remember to ask for and give *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for Christmas.



Does your mother ever ask you what you would like for Christmas?

THIS YEAR tell her you wish Girl Scout equipment. Show her our price list. Tell her of these presents that will give lasting, year round pleasure and profit to Girl Scouts. The picture makes a few suggestions:

Girl Scout Stationery: one quire of good quality cream paper and envelopes, stamped with Girl Scout design, \$0.50.

Girl Scout Handkerchiefs: khaki color, harmonizing with uniform, embroidered with trefoil seal. Cotton \$0.25. Linen \$0.40.

Girl Scout Ring: in official trefoil design. Silver \$1.50. Gold \$4.00.

Ingersoll Wrist Watch: radiolite dial, tells time accurately—day and night, \$4.50.

Inspool sewing kit: contains thimble top, self threading needles, spool each of khaki and white thread—khaki color or red tin case, \$0.25, aluminum case \$0.50.

"Hail, Girl Scout!": book of charmingly illustrated and delightful letters from "Cookie Moore" at Camp Andrée to her mother in England. Paper cover, \$1.00.

Compass: plain dial, revolving pointer \$1.00, radiolite (luminous face) revolving dial, \$1.50.

Sun watch: a handy pocket time piece that tells time by the sun. Contains compass also, \$1.25.

GIRL SCOUTS, INC. Supply Dept. 670 Lexington Ave., New York City

USE BYLUND BROTHERS' PLAN

And Make Money to Buy Building Bricks for Your New National Headquarters
SELL THE FAMOUS PETER'S, NESTLE'S and MASON'S BARS

A 25 Box Order Will Net You \$10.00 For Building Bricks



Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars filled with big toasted almonds. They are delicious.



Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars filled with big toasted almonds. Made for those who like milky chocolate.



Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars are made with full cream milk. Many people prefer a milky chocolate and Nestle's has won the favor of these people from the start.



Repetti's Caramels packed in a clip, and wrapped in a special transparent paper.



Mason Mints are made with an icy cream center covered with chocolate. There is no mint to equal it on the market.

No Money in Advance—Pay Us in 30 Days

This idea of building a new National Headquarters is a real big one. The enthusiastic support of every Girl Scout Troop in the country is needed to help build this new home.

Each troop of course will buy as many Building Bricks as possible, and the money for these Bricks should be made by group endeavor.

The many advantages we offer should particularly appeal to all troops who want to make money for Building Bricks. First—selling candy by the Scouts is dignified. Second—our candy bars are well known for quality and goodness. Third—we guarantee all candy shipped, and fourth—the profit is large.

The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.

THREE ASSORTMENTS TO CHOOSE FROM

| | No. 1 50 boxes | No. 2 25 boxes | Trial Order No. 3—12 boxes |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------------------|
| Selling price (\$1.20 per box) | \$60.00 | \$30.00 | \$14.40 |
| Cost to you (Ex. Pd.) 80c per box | 40.00 | 20.00 | 10.00 |
| Your profit..... | \$20.00 | \$10.00 | \$4.40 |

The 5c sellers are packed 24 in a box. The 10c sellers are packed 12 in a box.



\$10.00 BUYS A CAPTAIN'S BRICK FOR THE NEW HOME OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF GIRL SCOUTS

Three years ago the Brooklyn Girl Scout Council needed money.

We showed the Brooklyn Council our method of making money and the Troop Captains agreed to try it. It worked wonderfully well. In 1922 the Troops made \$3,500 in three weeks and in 1923 they easily duplicated this amount. No further proof should be necessary.

BYLUND BROS., Inc., Confectioners to Churches, Schools and Societies **Woolworth Bldg., N. Y. C.**

ORDER BLANK

Bylund Bros., Inc., Woolworth Bldg., New York City.
Gentlemen:

Please send to us, express paid, the assortment that we have marked below. We agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival. We understand that candy can be returned at your expense if not satisfactory.

Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Mason Peaks—Fresh Cocoanut and Chocolate.
Mason Mints—Cream Patties and Chocolates.
Mason Nougat—Almond, Nougat and Chocolate.
Mason Golden Fleece—Caramel, Cocoanut, Peanuts.
Mason Toros—Peanut Cluster and Chocolate.
Mason Wints—Wintergreen Pattie and Chocolate.
Mason Malobar—Marshmallow, Nuts and Chocolate.
Mason Cream Bars—Vanilla, Raspberry, Orange.
Repetti Cream Caramels—Assorted, 6 in a clip.
Repetti Rambler—Peanut, Caramel and Chocolate.
Repetti Peanut Brittle—Chocolate Covered.
Repetti Molasses Sponge Bar.
Kerr's Butter Scotch—Old Fashion Flavor.
Taylor's Butter Roast—Peanut and Butter.

Boxes 5c sellers. 24 pieces in a box.

Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars.
Peter's Almond Bars.
Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars.
Nestle's Almond Bars.

10c sellers. 12 pieces in box.

Peter's Milk Chocolate Bars.
Peter's Almond Bars.
Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bars.
Nestle's Almond Bars.
Mason Peppermints Chocolate in box.
Kerr's Butter Scotch.

Total number boxes ordered

References—

Name—1 Address
Name—2 Address
Name of Troop Captain..... City State
Address City State

